VIRGIDEMIARVM,

Sixe Bookes.

First three Bookes,

Of Tooth-lesse Satyrs.

1. *Poeticall.*
2. *Academicall.*
3. *Morall.*

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Robert
Dexter. 1597.

Thom. E. C. sc

VIRGILIDEMIARVM,

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First three Bookes.

OF Youth-ielle Sayes.

[illegible]

His Defiance to Enuy.

NAy: let the prouder Pines of Ida feare
The ſudden fires of heauen; and decline
Their yeelding tops, that dar'd the skies whilere:
And ſhake your ſturdy trunks ye prouder Pines,
Whoſe ſwelling graines are like be gald alone,
With the deep furrowes of the thunder-ſtone.

Stand ye ſecure ye ſafer ſhrubs below,
In humble dales whom heauens do not deſpight:
Nor angry clouds conſpire your ouerthrow;
Fearing at your too-diſdainfull hight.
Let high attemps dread Enuy and ill tongues,
And cowardly ſhrink for fear of cauſleſſe wrongs.

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His Defiance to Enuy.

So wont big Okes feare winding Ruy-weed:
So soaring Egles feare the neighbour Sonne:
So golden Mazor wont suspicion breed,
Of deadly Hemlocks poysoned Potion.
So Adders shroud themselues in fayrest leanes:
So fouler Fate the fayrer thing bereaues.

Nor the low bush feares climbing Ruy-twine:
Nor lowly Bustard dreads the distant rayes,
Nor earthen Pot wont secret death to shrine:
Nor suttle Snake doth lurke in pathed wayes.
Nor baser deed dreads Enuy and ill tongues,
Nor shrinks so soone for feare of causelesse wrõgs.

Needs

His Defiance to Enuy.

Needs me then hope, or doth me need miſ-dread:
Hope for that honor, dread that wrongfull ſpight:
Spight of the partie, honor of the deed,
VVhich wont alone on loftie obiects light.
That Enuy ſhould accoſt my Muſe and mee,
For this ſo rude, and reckleſſe Poeſie.

VVould ſhe but ſhade her tender Brows with Bay,
That now lye bare in careleſſe wilfull rage:
And trance her ſelfe in that ſweet Extaſey,
That rouzeth drouping thoughts of baſhfull age.
(Tho now thoſe Bays, and that aſpired thought,
In careleſſe rage, ſhe ſets at worſe then nought).

Or would we looſe her plumy pineon,
Manicled long with bonds of modeſt feare:
Soone might ſhe haue thoſe Keſtrels proud out gone,
VVhoſe flightty wings are dew'd with weeter ayre;
And hopen now to ſhoulder from aboue
The Eagle from the ſtayrs of friendly Ioue.

Or liſt ſher ather in late Tryumph reare
Eternall Tropheesto ſome Conqueror,
VVhoſe dead deſerts ſlept in his Sepulcher,
And neuer ſaw, nor life, nor light before:
To lead ſad Plutocaptiue with my ſong,
To grace the Triumphs he obſcur'd ſo long.

Or ſcoure the ruſted ſwords of Eluiſh knights,
Bathed in Pagan blood: or ſheath them new
In miſty morall Types: or tell their fights,
VVho mighty Giants, or who Monſters ſlew.
And by ſome ſtrange inchanted ſpeare and ſhield,
Vanquiſht their foe, and wan the doubtfull field.

May be ſhe might in ſtately Stanzaes *frame*
Stories of Ladies, and aduenturous knights:
To raiſe her ſilent and inglorious name,
Vnto a reach-leſſe pitch of Prayſes hight:
And ſomewhat ſay, as more vnworthy done,
VVorthy of Braſſe, and hoary Marble-ſtone.

Then

His Defiance to Enuy.

Then might vaine Enuy waſte her duller wing,
To trace the very ſteps, ſhe ſpiting ſees:
And vainly faint in hopeleſſe following
The clouded paths her native droſſe denies.
But now ſuch lowly Satyres *here I ſing,*
Not worth our Muſe, *not worth their enuying.*

Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame:
Too good, if worſe, to ſhadow ſhameleſſe vice.
Ill, if too good, not anſwering their name:
So good and ill in fickle cenſure lies.
Since in our Satyre *lyes both good and ill,*
And they and it, in varying readers will.

VVitneſſe

His Defiance to Enuy.

VVitneſſe ye Muſes *how I wilfull ſong*
Theſe heddy rymes, withouten ſecond care:
And wiſh't them worſe, my guiltie thoughts emong:
The ruder Satyre *ſhould go rag'd and bare:*
And ſhow his rougher and his hairy hide:
Tho mine be ſmooth, and deckt in careleſſe pride.

VVould we but breath within a wax-bound quill,
Pans *ſeuenfold Pipe, ſome plaintiue Paſtorall:*
To teach each hollow groue, and ſhrubby hill,
Ech murmuring brooke, each ſolitary vale
To ſound our loue, and to our ſong accord,
VVearying Eccho with one changeleſſe word.

Or liſt vs make two ſtriuing ſhepheards ſing,
VVith coſtly wagers for the victorie,
Vnder Menalcas *iudge: whiles one doth bring*
A caruen Bole well wrought of Beechen tree:
Praiſing it by the ſtory, or the frame,
Or want of vſe, or skilfull makers name.

Another layeth a well-marked Lambe,
Or ſpotted Kid, or ſome more forward Steere;
And from the Payle doth praiſe their fertile dam:
So do they ſtriue in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awayting for their truſtie Vmpires *doome,*
Faulted as falſe, by him that's ouercome.

VVhether

His Defiance to Enuy.

VVhether so me list my louely thought to sing,
Come daunce ye nimble Dryads *by my side:*
*Ye gentle wood-*Nymphs *come: & with you bring*
The willing Faunes that mought your musicke wide.
Come Nimphs & Faunes, that haunt those shady
vvhiles I report my fortunes or my loues. (groues,

Or whether list me sing so personate,
My striuing selfe to conquer with my verse:
Speake ye attentiue swaynes that heard me late,
Needs me giue grasse vnto the Conquerers.
At Colins *feet I throw my yeelding reed:*
But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But

His Defiance to Enuy.

But now (ye Muſes) ſith your ſacred heſts
Profaned are by each preſuming tongue:
In ſcornfull rage I vow this ſilent reſt,
That neuer field nor groue ſhall heare my ſong.
Only theſe refuſe rymes I here miſpend,
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.

De ſuis Satyris.

Dum Satyræ dixi, videor dixiſſe Sat iræ
Corripio; aut iſt ac non ſatis eſt Satyra.

Ira facit Satyram, reliquum Sat temperat iram:
Pinge tuo Satyram ſanguine, tum Satyra eſt.

Ecce nouam Satyram: Satyrũ ſine Cornibus! Euge
Monſtra noui monſtri hæc, & Satyri & Satyræ.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. I.

Prologue.

I *First aduenture, with fool-hardy might,*
To tread the steps of perilous despight:
I first aduenture: follow me who list,
And be the second English Satyrist.
Enuy wayts on my backe, Truth on my side:
Enuy will be my Page, and Truth my Guide.
Enuy the margent holds, and Truth the line:
Truth doth approue, but Enuy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite,
Hath made his pen an hyred Parasite,

Prologue.

To claw the back of him that beastly liues,
And pranck base men in proud Superlatiues.
Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame
And crown'd with Vertues meed, immortal Name:
Infamy dispossest of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue:
The worlds eye bleared with those shamelesse lyes,
Mask'd in the shew of meal-mouth'd Poesies.
Go daring Muse on with thy thankelesse taske,
And do the vgly face of vice vnmaske:
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly Satyre fit,
Let lowly Satyres rise aloft to thee:
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy Patron bee.

SAT. I.

NOr Ladies wanton loue, nor wandring knight,
Legend I out in rymes all richly dight.
Nor fright the Reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mightie Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
Nor list I Sonnet of my Mistresse face,
To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace.
Nor can I bide to pen some hungry *Scene*
For thick-skin eares, and vndiscerning eyne.
Nor euer could my scornfull Muse abide
VVith Tragick shooes her ankles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fauning tayle
To some great Patron, for my best auayle.

Such hunger-ſtaruen, Trencher-Poetry,
Or let it neuer liue, or timely dy'e:
Nor vnder euery bank, and euery Tree,
Speake rymes vnto my oten Minſtralſie:
Nor caroll out ſo pleaſing liuely laies,
As mought the *Graces* moue my mirth to praiſe.
Trumpet, and reeds, and ſocks, and buskins fine,
I them bequeath: whoſe ſtatues wandring Twine
Of Yuy, mixt with Bayes, circlen around
Their liuing Temples likewiſe *Laurell-bound.*
Rather had I, albee in careleſſe rymes,
Check the miſ-ordred world, and lawleſſe Tymes.
Nor need I craue the Muſes mid-wifry,
To bring to light ſo worth-leſſe Poetry:
Or if we liſt, what baſer Muſe can bide,
To ſit and ſing by *Granaes* naked ſide.
They haunt the tyded *Thames* and ſalt *Medway*,
Ere ſince the fame of their late Bridall day.
Nought haue we here but willow-ſhaded ſhore,
To tell our *Grant* his banks are left forlore.

SAT.

SAT. II.

VVhilome the ſiſters nine were Veſtall maides,
And he'd their Temple in the ſecret ſhades.
Of faire *Parnaſſus* that two-headed hill,
Whoſe auncient fame the Southern world did fill.
And in the ſteed of their eternall flame,
Was the coole ſtreame, that tooke his endles name,
From out the fertile hoofe of winged ſteed:
There did they ſit and do their holy deed,
That pleaſ'd both heauen and earth: til that of late,
Whom ſhould I fault? or the moſt righteous Fate?
Or heauen, or men, or fiends, or ought beſide,
That euer made that foule miſchance betide?
Some of the ſiſters in ſecurer ſhades
Defloured were:

And euer since disdaining *Sacred shame*,
Done ought that might their heauēly stock defame.
Now is *Pernasse* turned to a stewes:
And on Bay-stocks the wanton Myrtle grewes.
Cytheron hill 's become a Brothel-bed,
And *Pyrene* sweet, turnd to a poysoned head
Of cole-black puddle: whose infectuous staine
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitfull plaine.
Their modest stole, to garish looser weed,
Deck't with loue-fauors: their late whordoms meed.
And where they wont sip of the simple flood,
Now tosse they bowles of *Bacchus* boyling blood.
I maruelled much with doubtfull iealousie,
VVhence came such Litturs of new Poetry?
Mee thought I fear'd, least the horse-hoofed well
His natiue banks did proudly ouer-swell
In some late discontent, thence to ensue
Such wondrous rablements of Rim-sters new.
But since, I saw it painted on *Fames* wings,
The Muses to be woxen VVantonings.

Each buſh, each bank, and ech baſe Apple-ſquire,
Can ſerue to ſate their beaſtly lewd deſire.
Ye baſtard Poets ſee your Pedigree
From common Trulls, and loathſom Brothelry.

SAT. III.

VVith ſome Pot-fury ratiſht from their wit,
They ſit and muſe on ſome no-vulgar writ:
As frozen Dung-hils in a winters morne,
That voyd of Vapours ſeemed all beforne,
Soone as the Sun, ſends out his piercing beames,
Exhale out filthie ſmoke and ſtinking ſteames:
So doth the baſe, and the fore-barren braine,
Soone as the raging wine begins to raigne.
One higher pitch'd doth ſet his ſoaring thought
On crowned kings that Fortune hath low brought:
Or ſome vpreared, high-aſpiring ſwaine
As it might be the Turkiſh *Tamberlaine*.

Then

Then weeneth he his baſe drink-drowned ſpright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of heauens hight,
When he conceiues vpon his fained ſtage
The ſtalking ſteps of his great perſonage,
Graced with huf-cap termes, and thundring threats,
That his poore hearers hayre quite vpright ſets.
Such ſoone, as ſome braue-minded hungry youth,
Sees fitly frame to his wide-ſtrained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce vpon an hyred ſtage,
With high-ſet ſteps, and princely carriage:
Now ſoouping in ſide robes of Royalty,
That earſt did skrub in lowſie brokery.
There if he can with termes Italiánate,
Big-ſounding ſentences, and words of ſtate,
Faire patch me vp his pure *Iambick* verſe,
He rauiſhes the gazing Scaffolders:
Then certes was the famous *Corduban*
Neuer but halfe ſo high *Tragedian*.
Now, leaſt ſuch frightfull ſhowes of Fortunes fall,
And bloudy Tyrants rage, ſhould chance appall

The

The dead ſtroke audience, mids the ſilent rout,
Comes leaping in a ſelfe-misformed lout,
And laughes, and grins, and frames his Mimik face,
And iuſtles ſtraight into the princes place.
Then doth the *Theatre Ecchoe* all a loud,
With gladſome noyſe of that applauding croud.
A goodly *boch-poch*; when vile *Ruſſettings*,
Are match't with monarchs, & with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to ſober *Tragick Muſe*,
When each baſe clown, his clumbſie fiſt doth bruiſe,
And ſhow his teeth in double rotten-row,
For laughter at his ſelfe-reſembled ſhow.
Meane while our Poets in high Parliament,
Sit watching euery word, and geſturement,
Like curious Cenſors of ſome doughtie geare,
Whiſpering their verdit in their fellowes eare.
VVo to the word whoſe margent in their ſcrole,
Is noted with a blacke condemning Cole.
But if each periode might the Synode pleaſe,
Ho, bring the Iuy-boughs, and bands of Bayes.

Now

Now when they part and leaue the naked ſtage,
Gins the bare hearer in a guiltie rage,
To curſe and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lauiſht his late halfe-peny.
Shame that the Muſes ſhould be bought and ſold,
For euery peaſants braſſe, on each ſcaffold.

SAT. IIII.

SAT. IIII.

TOo popular is *Tragicke Poesie*,
Strayning his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth besides on *Rimelesse* numbers tread,
Vnbid *Iambicks* flow from careleſſe head.
Some brauer braine in high *Heroick* rimes
Compileth worm-eate stories of olde tymes:
And he like some imperious *Maroniſt*,
Coniures the *Muses* that they him assiſt.
Then striues he to bumbaſt his feeble lines
With farre-fetcht phraſe:
And maketh vp his hard-betaken tale
With straunge enchantments, fetcht from darkſom (vale
Of some *Meliſſa*, that by Magicke doome
To *Tuscans* soyle transporteth *Merlins toombe*:

Painters

Painters and *poets* hold your auncient right:
Write what you wil, and write not what you might:
Their limits be their *Liſt*, their reaſon will.
But if ſome painter in preſuming skill
Should paint the ſtars in center of the earth,
Could ye forbeare ſome ſmiles, and taunting mirth.
But let no rebell *Satyre* dare traduce
Th'eternall *Legends* of thy *Faery Muſe*,
Renowmed *Spencer*: whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much leſſe dares deſpight.
Saluſt of *France*, and *Tuſcan Arioſt*,
Yeeld vp the *Lawrell girlond* ye haue loſt:
And let all others willow weare with mee,
Or let their vndſeruing *Temples* bared bee.

SAT. V.

SAT. V.

ANother, whose more heauie hearted Saint
Delights in nought but notes of rufull plaint,
Vrgeth his melting Muse with solemne teares
Rime of some deerie fates of luckleſse peres.
Then brings he vp some branded whining ghost,
To tell how old misfortunes had him tost.
Then must he ban the guiltleſse fates aboue,
Or fortune fraile, or vnrewarded loue.
And when he hath parbrak'd his grieued minde,
He sends him downe where earst he did him find,
VVithout one peny to pay *Charons* hire,
That waiteth for the wandring ghosts retire.

SAT.

SAT. VI.

ANother scorns the home-spun threed of rimes,
Match'd with the lostie feet of elder times:
Giue him the numbred verse that *Virgil* sung,
And *Virgill* selfe shall speake the English tung:
Manhood and garboiles shall be chaunt with chaunged (feete,
And head-strong *Dactils* making Musicke meete.
The nimble *Dactils* striuing to out-go
The drawling *Spondees* pacing it below.

The lingring *Spondees*, labouring to delay,
The breath-leſſe *Dactils* with a ſudden ſtay.
Who euer ſaw a colt wanton and wilde,
Yok'd with a ſlow-foote oxe on fallow field?
Can right areed how handſomly beſets
Dull *Spondees* with the Engliſh *Dactilets*?
If *Ioue* ſpeake Engliſh in a thundring cloud,
Thwick thwack, and *rif raf*, rores he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coyne of words neuer articulate.

SAT. VII.

SAT. VII.

GReat is the follie of a feeble braine,
Ore-ruld with loue, and tyrannous diſdaine:
For loue, how-euer in the baſeſt breſt
It breedes high thoughts that feed the fancie beſt.
Yet is he blinde, and leades poore fooles awrie,
VVhile they hang gazing on their miſtres-eie.
The loue-ſicke poet, whoſe importune prayer
Repulſed is with reſolute diſpayre,
Hopeth to conquer his diſdainfull dame,
With publique plaints of his conceyued flame.
Then poures he forth in patched *Sonettings*
His loue, his luſt, and loathſome flatterings:
As tho the ſtaring world hãgd on his ſleeue, (grieue.
When once he ſmiles, to laugh: and when he ſighs to

Careth the world, thou loue, thou liue, or die?
Careth the world how faire thy faire one bee?
Fond wit-wal that wouldst lode thy wit-lesse head
With timely hornes, before thy Bridall bed.
Then can he terme his durtie ill-fac'd Bride
Lady and *Queene*, and virgin deifide:
Be shee all sootie-black, or bery-browne,
Shee's white as morrows milk, or flakes new blowne.
And tho she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resigne some refuse roome
Amids the well-knowne stars: or if not there,
Sure will he saint her in his Calendere.

SAT.

SAT. VIII.

HEnce ye profane: mell not with holy things
That *Sion* Muſe from *Paleſtina* brings.
Parnaſſus is transform'd to *Sion-hill*,
And *Iury-palmes* her ſteep aſcents done fill.
Now good S. *Peter* weeps pure *Helicon*,
And both the *Maries* make a Muſick mone:
Yea and the Prophet of the heauenly Lire,
Great *Salomon*, ſings in the Engliſh Quire,
And is become a newfound Sonetiſt,
Singing his loue, the holy ſpouſe of Chriſt:
Like as ſhe were ſome light-skirts of the reſt,
In mightieſt Ink-horniſmes he can thither wreſt.

Ye Sion Muſes ſhall by my deare will,
For this your zeale, and far-admired skill,
Be ſtraight tranſported from *Ieruſalem*,
Vnto the holy houſe of *Bethem*.

SAT.

SAT. IX.

ENuy ye Muſes, at your thriuing Mate,
Cupid hath crowned a new *Laureat*:
I ſaw his *Statue* gayly tyr'd in greene,
As if he had ſome ſecond *Phœbus* beene.
His *Statue* trimd with the Venerean tree,
And ſhrined faire within your Sanctuary.
What, he, that earſt to gain the ryming Goale
The worne *Recstall-poſt* of *Capitolle*,
Rymed in rules of Stewiſh ribaldry,
Teaching experimentall Baudery?
Whiles th'itching vulgar tickled with the ſong,
Hanged on their vnreadie Poets tongue.
Take this ye patient Muſes: and foule ſhame
Shall wayt vpon your once profaned name.

Take this, ye Muſes, this ſo high deſpight,
And let all hatefull luckleſſe birds of night:
Let Scriching Oules neſt in your razed roofes,
And let your floore with horned Satyrs hoofe
Be dinted and defiled euery morne:
And let your walles be an eternall ſcorne.
What if ſome *Shordich* fury ſhould incite
Some laſt-ſtung letcher: muſt he needs indite
The beaſtly rites of hyred Venerye,
The whole worlds vniuerſall baud to bee?
Did neuer yet no damned *Libertine*,
Nor elder *Heathen*, nor new *Florentine*,
Tho they were famous for lewd libertie,
Venture vpon ſo ſhameſull villanie.
Our *Epigrammatarians* old and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
Chaſt men they did but glaunce at *Lesbias* deed,
And handſomely leaue off with cleanly ſpeed.

But

But Arts of Whoring: ſtories of the Stewes,
Ye Muſes will ye beare, and may refuſe?
Nay let the Diuell, and Saint *Valentine*,
Be goſſips to thoſe ribald rymes of thine.

FINIS.

FINIS.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. II.

Prologue.

OR beene the Manes of that Cynick ſpright,
Cloth'd with ſom ſtubburn clay & led to light?
Or do the relique aſhes of his graue
Reuiue and riſe from their forſaken caue?
That ſo with gall-weet words and ſpeeches rude,
Controls the maners of the multitude.
Enuie belike incites his piming hart,
And bids it ſate it ſelfe with others ſmart.

Nay,

Nay, no despight: but angrie Nemesis,
Whose scourge doth follow all that done amisse:
That scourge I beare, albe in ruder fist,
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.

SAT. I.

SAT. I.

FOr ſhame write better *Labeo*, or write none,
Or better write, or *Labeo* write alone.
Nay, call the *Cynick* but a wittie foole,
Thence to abiure his handſome drinking bo'e:
Becauſe the thirſtie ſwaine with hollow hand,
Conueyd the ſtreame to weet his drie weaſand.
Write they that can, tho they that cannot do:
But who knowes that, but they that do not know.
Lo what it is that makes white rags ſo deare,
That men muſt giue a teſton for a queare.
Lo what it is that makes gooſe-wings ſo ſcant,
That the diſtreſſed Semſter did them want.
So, lauiſh ope-tyde cauſeth faſting-lents,
And ſtaruling *Famine* comes of large expence.

Might

Might not (ſo they were pleaſd that beene aboue)
Long *Paper-abſtinence* our death remoue?
Then many a *Leller* would in forfaitment,
Beare *Paper-fagots* ore the Pauement.
But now men wager who ſhall blot the moſt,
And each man writes: *Ther's ſo much labour loſt.*
That's good, that's great: Nay much is ſeldome well,
Of what is bad, a litt'l's a great deale.
Better is more: but beſt is nought at all.
Leſſe is the next, and leſſer criminall.
Little and good, is greateſt good ſaue one,
Then Labeo, *or write little, or write none.*
Tuſh in ſmall paynes can be but little art,
Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart:
With *Folio-volumes*, two to an Oxe hide,
Or elſe ye *Pampheter* go ſtand a ſide,
Read in each Schoole, in euery margent coted,
In euery Catalogue for an autour noted.
There's happineſſe well giuen, and well got,
Leſſe gifts, and leſſer gaines I weigh them not.

So

So may the Giant rome and write on high,
Be he a Dwarfe that writes not there as I.
But well fare *Strabo*, which as ſtories tell,
Contriu'd all *Troy* within one Walnut ſhell.
His curious ghoſt now lately hither came,
Arriuing neere the mouth of luckie Tame.
I ſaw a *Piſmire* ſtrugling with the lode,
Dragging all *Troy* home towards her abode.
Now dare we hither, if he durſt appeare,
The ſubtile *Stithy-man* that liu'd while eare:
Such one was once, or once I was miſtaught,
A Smith at *Vulcans* owne forge vp brought,
That made an Iron-chariot ſo light,
The coach-horſe was a Flea in trappings dight.
The tame-leſſe ſteed could well his wagon wield,
Through downes and dales of the vneuen field.
Striue they, laugh we: meane while the black ſtory
Paſſes new *Strabo*, and new *Straboes* *Troy*.
Little for great: and great for good: all one:
For ſhame or better write, or *Labeo* write none.

Bux

But who coniur'd this bawdie *Poggies* ghoſt,
From out the *ſtewes* of his lewde home-bred coaſt:
Or wicked *Rablais* dronken reuellings,
To grace the miſ-rule of our Tauernings?
Or who put *Bayes* into blind *Cupids* fiſt,
That he ſhould crowne what Laureats him liſt?
Whoſe words are thoſe, to remedie the deed,
That cauſe men ſtop their noſes when they read?
Both good things ill, and ill things well: all one?
For ſhame write cleanly *Labeo*, or write none.

SAT.

SAT. II.

TO what end did our lauiſh auncestours,
Erect of old theſe ſtately piles of ours?
For thred-bare clearks, & for the ragged Muſe
Whom better fit ſome cotes of ſad ſecluſe?
Bluſh niggard *Age*, and be aſham'd to ſee,
Theſe monuments of wiſer anceſtrie.
And ye faire heapes the *Muſes* ſacred ſhrines,
(Inſpight of time and enuious repines)
Stand ſtill, and flouriſh till the worlds laſt day,
Vpbrayding it with former loues decay.

Here

Here may ye *Muſes*, our deare *Souerannes*,
Scorne each baſe *Lordling* euer you diſdaines,
And euery peaſant churle, whoſe ſmoky roofe
Denied harbour for your deare behoofe.
Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,
And ſcorne the world that ſcorneth you againe.
And ſcorne contempt it ſelfe, that doth incite
Each ſingle-ſold Squire to ſet you at ſo light.
What needes me care for any bookiſh skill,
To blot white papers with my reſtleſſe quill:
Or poare on painted leaues: or beat my braine
With far-fetcht thoughts: or to conſume in vaine
In latter Euen, or mids of winter nights,
Ill ſmelling oyles, or ſome ſtill-watching lights.
Let them that meane by bookiſh buſineſſe
To earne their bread: or hopen to profeſſe
Their hard got skill: let them alone for mee,
Buſie their braines with deeper bookerie.
Great gaines ſhall bide you ſure, when ye haue ſpent
A thouſand Lamps: and thouſand Reames haue rent

Of

Of needleſſe papers, and a thouſand nights
Haue burned out with coſtly candle lights.
Ye paliſh ghoſts of *Athens*; when at laſt,
Your patrimonie ſpent in witleſſe waſt,
Your friends all wearie, and your ſpirits ſpent,
Ye may your fortunes ſeeke: and be forwent
Of your kind coſins: and your churliſh ſires,
Left there alone, mids the faſt-folding Briers.
Haue not I lands of faire inheritance,
Deriu'd by right of long continuance,
To firſt-borne males, ſo liſt the law to grace,
Natures firſt fruits in enternall race?
Let ſecond brothers, and poore neſtlings,
Whom more iniurious Nature later brings
Into the naked world: let them aſſaine
To get hard peny-worths with ſo boot leſſe paine.
Tuſh? what care I to be *Arceſilas*,
Or ſome ſad *Solon*, whoſe deep-furrowed face,
And ſullen head, and yellow-clouded ſight,
Still on the ſtedfaſt earth are muſing pight.

Muttring what cenſures their diſtracted minde,
Of brain-ſicke Paradoxes deeply hath definde:
Or of *Parmenides*, or of darke *Heraclite*,
Whether all be one, or ought be infinite.
Long would it be, ere thou hadſt purchaſe bought,
Or welthier wexen by ſuch idle thought.
Fond foo'le, ſix ſeete ſhall ſerue for all thy ſtore:
And he that cares for moſt, ſhall find no more.
We ſcorne that welth ſhould be the finall end,
Whereto the heauenly Muſe her courſe doth bend:
And rather had be pale with learned cares,
Then paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
Or doth thy glorie ſtand in outward glee,
A laue-ear'd Aſſe with gold may trapped bee:
Or if in pleaſure liue we as we may:
Let ſwiniſh *Grill* delight in dunghill clay.

SAT.

SAT. III.

Who doubts? The lawes fel down frō heauēs height,
Like to some gliding ſtarre in winters night.
Themis the Scribe of God did long agone,
Engraue them deepe in during Marble-ſtone,
And caſt them downe on this vnruly clay,
That men might know to rule and to obay.
But now their Characters deprаued bin,
By them that would make gain of others ſin.
And now hath wrong ſo maiſtered the right,
That they liue beſt, that on wrongs offall light.
So loathly fly that liues on galled wound,
And ſcabby feſters inwardly vnſound,
Feedes fatter with that poyſnous carrion,
Then they that haunt the healthy lims alone.

Wo to the weale where many Lawiers bee,
For there is ſure much ſtore of maladie.
T'was truly ſaid, and truly was foreſeene,
The fat kine are deuoured of the leane.
Genus and *Species* long ſince barefoote went,
Vpon their ten-toes in wilde wanderment:
Whiles father *Bartell* on his footcloth rode,
Vpon high pauement gayly ſiluer-ſtrowd.
Each home-bred ſcience percheth in the chaire,
Whiles ſacred arts grouell on the groundſell bare.
Since pedling *Barbariſmes* gan be in requeſt,
Nor claſſicke tongues, nor learning found no reſt.
The crowching *Client*, with low-bended knee,
And many *Worſhips*, and faire flatterie,
Tels on his tale as ſmoothly as him liſt,
But ſtill the *Lawiers* eye ſquints on his fiſt:
If that ſeeme lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the ſuite, the law is plaine for thee.
Tho muſt he buy his vainer hope with price,
Diſclout his crownes, and thanke him for aduice.

So

So haue I seene in a tempestuous stowre,
Some breer-bush shewing shelter from the showre,
Vnto the hopefull sheepe, that faine would hide
His fleecie coate from that same angrie tide.
The ruth-lesse breere regardlesse of his plight,
Layes hold vpon the fleece he should acquite,
And takes aduantage of the careleſſe pray,
That thought she in securer shelter lay.
The day is fayre; the sheepe would fare to feed:
The tyrant Brier holds fast his shelters meed,
And claymes it for the fee of his defence:
So robs the sheepe, in fauours faire pretence.

SAT. IIII.

WOrthy were *Galen* to be weighed in Gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life & helth vp-hold
Yet by S. *Esculape* he solemne swore,
That for diseases they were neuer more.
Fees neuer lesse, neuer so little gaine,
Men giue a groate, and aske the rest againe.
Groats-worth of health, can any leech allot?
Yet should he haue no more that giues a grote.
Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,
And grope the pulse of euerie mangy wrest:
And spie out maruels in each Vrinall:
And tumble vp the filths that from them fall,
And giue a *Dosse* for euery disease,
In prescripts long, and tedious *Recipes*:
All for so leane reward of Art and mee?
No Horse-leach but will looke for larger fee.
Meane while if chaunce some desp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the Period of his destinie:

(As

(As who can croſſe the fatall reſolution,
In the decreed day of diſſolution:)
VVhether ill tendment, or recureleſſe paine,
Procure his death; the neighbors ſtraight complain,
Th'unskilfull leech murdred his patient,
By poyſon of ſome foule *Ingredient*.
Here-on the vulgar may as ſoone be brought
To *Socrates*-his poyſoned *Hemlock*-drought,
As to the wholſome *Iulap*, whoſe receat
Might his diſeaſes lingring force defeat.
If nor a dramme of *Triacle* ſoueraigne,
Or *Aqua vitæ*, or *Sugar Candian*,
Nor *Kitchin-cordials* can it remedie,
Certes his time is come, ueeds mought he die.
VVere I a leech, as who knowes what may bee,
The liberall man ſhould liue, and carle ſhould die.
The ſickly *Ladie*, and the goutie *Peere*
Still would I haunt, that loue their life ſo deere.
VVhere life is deare who cares for coyned droſſe?
That ſpent, is counted gaine, and ſpared, loſſe:

Or would coniure the *Chymick Mercurie*,
Riſe from his horſ-dung bed, and vpwards flie:
And with glaſ-ſtils, and ſticks of *Iuniper*,
Raiſe the *Black-ſpright* that burns not with the fire:
And bring *Quinteſſence* of *Elixer* pale,
Out of ſublimed ſpirits minerall.
Each poudred graine raunſometh captiue kings,
Purchaſeth Realmes, and life prolonged brings.

SAT.

SAT. V.

SAw'ſt thou euer *Siquis* patch'd on *Pauls* Church
To ſeek ſome vacant Vicarage before? (dore,
Who wants a Churchman, that can ſeruice ſey,
Read faſt, and faire, his monthly Homiley?
And wed, and bury, and make Chriſten-ſoules?
Come to the left-ſide Alley of Saint Poules,
Thou ſeruile Foole: why could ſt thou not repaire
To buy a Benefice at Steeple-Faire?
There moughteſt thou for but a ſlender price,
Aduowſon thee with ſome fat benefice:
Or if thee liſt not wayt for dead mens ſhoo'n,
Nor pray ech-morn th'Incumbents daies wer doon:
A thouſand Patrons thither ready bring,
Their new-falne Churches to the Chaffering,

Stake

Stake three yeares *Stipend*: no man asketh more:
Go take possession of the Church-porch-doore:
And ring thy bels: lucke stroken in thy fist:
The Parsonage is thine, or ere thou wist.
Saint Fooles of *Goram* mought thy parish bee,
For this thy base and seruile *Symonie*.

SAT.

SAT. VI.

A Gentle Squire would gladly intertaine
Into his houſe, ſome trencher-Chaplaine:
Some willing mã that might inſtruct his ſons,
And that would ſtand to good conditions,
Firſt that He lie vpon the Truckle-bed,
VVhiles his yong maiſter lieth ore his hed.
Secondly, that he do, on no default,
Euer preſume to ſit aboue the ſalt.
Third, that he neuer change his trencher twiſe.
Fourth, that he vſe all comely courteſies:
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe riſe and wait.
Laſt, that he neuer his yong maſter beat,

But

But he muſt aske his mother to define,
How many ierkes ſhe would his breech ſhould line.
All theſe obſeru'd, he could contented bee,
To giue fiue markes, and winter liuerye.

SAT.

SAT. VI.

IN th'heauens vniuerſall Alphabet,
All earthly things ſo ſurely are foreſet,
That who can read thoſe figures, may foreſhew
What euer thing ſhall afterwards enſue.
Faine would I know (might it our Artiſt pleaſe)
Why can his tell-troth *Ephemerides*
Teach him the weathers ſtate ſo long beforne:
And not fore-tel him, nor his fatall horne,
Nor his deaths-day, nor no ſuch ſad euent,
Which he mought wiſely labour to preuent?
Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainſick tale,
Of old *Aſtrology*: where didſt thou vaile
Thy curſed head thus long: that ſo it miſt
The black bronds of ſome ſharper Satyriſt.

Some

Some doting goſſip mongſt the *Chaldee* wiues,
Did to the credulous world thee firſt deriue:
And ſuperſtition nurſ'd thee euer ſence,
And publiſht in profounder *Arts* pretence:
That now who pares his nailes, or libs his ſwine,
But he muſt firſt take counſell of the ſigne.
So that the Vulgars count, for faire or foule,
For liuing or for dead, for ſicke or whole:
His feare or hope, for plenty or for lack,
Hangs all vppon his *New-yeares Almanack.*
If chance once in the ſpring his head ſhould ake:
It was foretold: Thus ſaies mine *Almanack.*
In th'heauens *High-ſtreete* are but a dozen roomes,
In which dwels all the world, paſt and to come:
Twelue goodly *Innes* they are, with twelue fayre
Euer well tended by our *Star-diuines.* (ſignes,
Euery mans head Innes at the horned *Ramme*,
The whiles the necke the *Black-buls* gueſt became:
Th'arms by good hap, meet at the wraſtling twins,
Th'heart in the way at the *Blew-lion* innes.

The

The legs their lodging in *Aquarius* got,
That is the *Bridge-streete* of the heauen, I wot.
The feete tooke vp the *Fish* with teeth of gold:
But who with *Scorpio* lodg'd, may not be told.
What office then doth the *Star-gazer* beare?
Or let him be the heauens *Ostelere*:
Or *Tapsters* some or some be *Chamberlaines*,
To waite vpon the guests they entertaine.
Hence can they reade, by vertue of their trade,
When any thing is mist where it was laide.
Hence they diuine, and hence they can deuise;
If their ayme faile, the *Stars* to moralize.
Demon my friend once liuer-sicke of loue,
Thus learn'd I by the signes his griefe remoue.
In the blinde *Archer* first I saw the signe,
When thou receiu'dst that wilful wound of thine:
And now in *Virgo* is: that cruell mayd,
Which hath not yet with loue thy loue repaide.
But marke when once it comes to *Gemini*,
Straightway Fish-whole shal thy sicke liuer be.

But now (as th'angry Heauens seeme to threat
Many hard Fortunes, and disastres great:
If chance it come to wanton *Capicorne*,,
And so into the *Rams* disgracefull horne,
Then learne thou of the vgly *Scorpion*,
To hate her for her foule abusion:
Thy refuge then the Ballance be of Right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite:
So with the *Crab*, go backe whence thou began,
From thy first march: and liue a single man.

FINIS.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. III.

Prologue.

SOme say my Satyrs ouer-loosely flow,
Nor hide their gall inough from open show:
Not riddle-like obscuring their intent:
But packe-staffe plaine vttring what thing they
Contrarie to the Roman ancients, (ment:
VVhose words were short, & darkesome was their
VVho reads one line of their harsh poesies, (sence.
Thrise must he take his wind, & breath him thrise
My Muse would follow them that haue fore-gone,
But cannot with an English pineon,

Prologue.

For looke how farre the ancient Comedie
Past former Satyrs in her libertie:
So farre must mine yeeld vnto them of old.
T'is better be too bad, then be to bold.

SAT. I.

TIme was, and that was term'd the time of Gold,
When world & time were yong, that now are (old.
(Whē quiet *Saturn* ſwaid the mace of lead,
And *Pride* was yet vnborne, and yet vnbred.)
Time was, that whiles the Autumne fall did laſt,
Our hungry fires gap't for the falling maſt
of the *Dodonian* okes.
Could no vnhuſked Akorne leaue the tree,
But there was chalenge made whoſe it might bee.
And if ſome nice and likorous appetite,
Deſir'd more daintie diſh of rare delite,
They ſcal'd the ſtored *Crab* with claſped knee,
Till they had fated their delicious eie:

Or ſearch'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or ſowrer ſloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'ſt of all,
They lickt oake-leaues beſprint with hony fall.
As for the thriſe three-angled beech nut ſhell,
Or cheſnuts armed huske, and hid kernell,
No *Squire* durſt touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the Court, and for the kings owne bord.
Their royall *P*late was clay, or wood, or ſtone:
The vulgar, ſaue his hand, elſe had he none.
Their onely ſeller was the neighbour brooke:
None did for better care, for better looke.
VVas then no playning of the Brewers ſcape,
Nor greedie *Vintner* mixt the ſtrained grape.
The kings pauilion, was the graſſy green,
Vnder ſafe ſhelter of the ſhadie treen.
Vnder each banke men layd their limbs along,
Not wiſhing any eaſe, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
*N*ot fearing ſhame, not feeling any cold.

But when by *Ceres* huſwifry and paine,
Men learn'd to bury the reuiuing graine:
And father *Ianus* taught the new found vine,
Riſe on the *Elme*, with many a friendly twine.
And baſe deſire bad men to deluen low,
For needeleſſe mettals: then gan miſchiefe grow.
Then farewell fayreſt age, the worlds beſt dayes,
Thriuing in ill, as it in age decaies.
Then crept in *Pride*, and peeuiſh Couetiſe:
And men grew greedy, diſcordous and nice.
Now man, that earſt *Haile-fellow* was with beaſt,
Woxe on to weene himſelfe a God at leaſt.
No aery foule can take ſo high a flight,
Tho ſhe her daring wings in clouds haue dight:
Nor fiſh can diue ſo deepe in yeelding Sea,
Tho *Thetis-ſelfe* ſhould ſweare her ſafetie:
Nor fearefull beaſt can dig his caue ſo lowe,
All could he further then *Earths* center go:
As that the ayre, the earth, or *Ocean*,
Should ſhield them from the gorge of greedy man.

Hath vtmoſt *Inde* ought better then his owne?
Then vtmoſt *Inde* is neare, and rife to gone.
O *Nature*: was the world ordain'd for nought,
But fill mans maw, and feed mans idle thought:
Thy *Grandſires* words ſauor'd of thriftie Leekes,
Or manly Garlicke: But thy furnace reekes
Hote ſteams of wine: and can aloofe deſcrie
The drunken draughts of ſweet *Autumnitie*.
They naked went: or clad in ruder hide:
Or home-ſpun *Ruſſet*, void of forraine pride:
But thou canſt maske in gariſh gauderie,
To ſuit a fooles far-fetched liuery.
A *French* head ioyn'd to necke *Italian*:
Thy thighs from *Germanie*, and breſt fro *Spaine*:
An *Engliſhman* in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in ſeuerall.
Then men were men, but now the greater part
Beaſts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good *Saturne* ſelfe, that homely Emperour,
In proudeſt pompe was not ſo clad of yore,

As is the vnder-groome of the Oſtlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo the long date of thoſe expired dayes,
VVhich the inſpired *Merlins* word fore-sayes:
VVhen dunghill Peſants ſhall be dight as kings,
Then one confuſion another brings:
Then farewell fareſt age, the worlds beſt dayes,
Thriuing in ill, as it in age decayes.

SAT. II.

GReat *Osmond* knows not how he shalbe known
Whē once great *Osmond* shalbe dead & gone:
Vnlesse he reare vp some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,
Rex Regum written on the *Pyramis*:
Whereas great *Arthur* lies in ruder oke,
That neuer felt none but the fellers stroke.
Small honour can be got with gawdie graue:
Nor it thy rotting name from death can saue.
The fayrer tombe, the fowler is thy name:
The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
Thy monument make thou thy liuing deeds:
No other tombe then that, true vertue needs.

What

What? had he nought wherby he might be knowne,
But coſtly pilements of ſome curious ſtone?
The matter, Natures, and the workmans frame,
His purſes coſt; where then is *Oſmonds* name?
Deſeru'dſt thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great ſecrecie,
Where as no paſſenger might curſe thy duſt,
Nor dogs ſepulchrall ſate their gnawing luſt.
Thine ill deſerts cannot be grau'd with thee,
So long as on thy graue they engraued bee.

SAT.

SAT. III.

THe curteous Citizen bad me to his feaſt,
With hollow words, and ouerly requeſt:
Come, will yc dine with me this Holy day?
I yeelded, tho he hop'd I would ſay *Nay*:
For had I mayden'd it, as many vſe,
Loath for to graunt, but loather to refuſe.
Alacke ſir, I were loath, *Another day*:
I ſhould but trouble you: pardon me, if you may.
No pardon ſhould I need; for, to depart
He giues me leaue, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for money, *Darbiſhirian wiſe*:
(That's one too many) is a naughtie guiſe.
Who lookes for double biddings to a feaſt,
May dine at home for an importune gueſt.

I went, then ſaw, and found the great expence,
The fare and faſhions of our Citizens.
Oh: *Cleopatricall*: what wa nteth there
For curious coſt, and wondrous choiſe of cheare?
Beefe, that earſt *Hercules* held for fineſt fare:
Porke, for the fat *Bœotian*, or the hare
For Martiall: fiſh for the *Venetian*,
Gooſe-liuer for the likorous *Romane*,
Th' Athenians goate, *Quaile*, *Iolans cheere*,
The *Hen* for *Eſculape*; and the *Parthian Deere*,
Grapes for *Arceſilas*, figs for *Platoes* mouth,
And Cheſnuts faire for *Amarillis* tooth.
Had'ſt thou ſuch cheer? wer't thou euer ther before?
Neuer: I thought ſo: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for ſo ment all that coſt:
Neuer hence take me for thy ſecond hoſt.
For whom he meanes to make an often gueſt,
One diſh ſhall ſerue, and welcome make the reſt.

SAT.

SAT. IIII.

WEre yesterday *Polemons Natals* kept,
That so his threshold is all freshly steept
With new-shed bloud? could hee not sa-
Some sorry morkin that vnbidden dies: (crifice
Or meager heifer, or some rotten Ewe:
But hee must needes his Posts with blood embrew,
And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,
With flowers, and with ribbands garnished?
Now shall the passenger deeme the man deuout.
What boots it be so, but the world must know't?
O the fond boastings of vaineglorious men:
Does he the best, that may the best be seene?
Who euer giues a paire of veluet shooes
To th'*holy Rood*: or liberally alowes:

But

But a newe rope, to ring the *Couure-feu Bell*,
But he deſires that his great deed may dwell,
Or grauen in the Chancel-window-glaſſe,
Or in his laſting tombe of plated braſſe.
For he that doth ſo few deſeruing deeds,
T'were ſure his beſt ſue for ſuch larger meeds.
Who would inglorious liue, inglorious die,
And might eternize his names memory?
And he that cannot brag of greater ſtore,
Muſt make his ſomewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good *Myſon* weare on his left hond,
A ſignet ring of *Briſtol-diamond*:
But he muſt cut his gloue, to ſhew his pride,
That his trim Iewel might be better ſpide:
And that men mought ſome *Burgeſſe* him repute,
VVith Satten ſleeues hath grac'd his ſackloth ſute.

SAT.

SAT. V.

Fle on all Curteſie, and vnruly winds,
Two onely foes that faire diſguiſement finds,
Strange curſe! But fit for ſuch a fickle age,
When *Scalpes* are ſubiect to ſuch vaſſalage.
Late trauailing along in london way,
Mee met, as ſeem'd by his diſguis'd aray,
A luſtie Courtier, whoſe curled head,
VVith abron locks was fairely furniſhed.
I him ſaluted in our lauiſh wiſe:
He anſwers my vntimely curteſies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere euer he could thinke,
Th'vnruly winde blowes of his Periwinke.
He lights, and runs, and quickly hath him ſped,
To ouertake his ouerrunning hed.

The

The ſportfull wind, to mocke the *Headleſſe* man,
Toſſes apace his pitch'd *Rogerian*:
And ſtraight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne:
There muſt my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
I lookt, and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
He curſt all Courteſie, and vnruly winde.
I lookt, and laught, and much I maruailed,
To ſee ſo large a *Cauſ-way* in his head.
And me bethought, that when it firſt begon,
T'was ſome ſhroud *Autumne*, that ſo bar'd the bone.
Is't not ſweet pride, when men their crownes muſt ſhade:
with that which ierks the hams of euery iade (haires?
Or floor-ſtrowd locks from of the Barbers ſheares?
But waxen crowns well gree with borowed haires.

SAT. I

SAT. VI.

WHen *Gullion* di'd(who knows not *Gullion*?)
And his dry ſoule ariu'd at *Acheron*,
He faire beſought the Feryman of hell,
That he might drinke to dead *Pantagruel*.
Charon was afraid leaſt thirſtie *Gullion*,
Would haue drunke drie the riuer *Acheron*.
Yet laſt conſented for a little hyre,
And downe he dips his chops deepe in the myre,
And drinks,and drinks,and ſwalows in the ſtreeme,
Vntill the ſhallow ſhores all naked ſeeme.
Yet ſtill he drinks,nor can the *Botemans* cries,
Nor crabbed ores,nor praiers make him riſe.
So long he drinks,till the blacke *Caranell*,
Stands ſtill faſt grauel'd on the mud of hell.

There

There ſtand they ſtill, nor can go, nor retyre,
Tho greedie ghoſts quicke paſſage did require.
Yet ſtand they ſtill, as tho they lay at rode,
Till *Gullion* his bladder would vnlode.
They ſtand, and wait, and pray for that good houre:
Which when it came, they ſailed to the ſhore.
But neuer ſince dareth the *Feryman*
Once intertaine the ghoſt of *Gullian*.
Drinke on drie ſoule, and pledge ſir *Gullion*:
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

Deſunt nonnulla.

SAT. VII.

SEest thou how gayly my yong maister goes,
Vaunting himselfe vpon his rising toes,
And pranks his hand vpon his daggers side,
And p cks his glutted teeth since late Noon-tide?
T is *Ruffio*: Trow'it thou where he din'd to day?
In soo h I saw him sit with Duke *Humfray*.
Many good welcoms, and much *Gratis* cheere,
Keepes he for euery stragling *Cauliere*:
An open house haunted with great resort,
Long seruice mixt with Musicall disport.
Many a faire yonker with a fether'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his sh t free guest,
To fare so freely with so li t le cost,
Then stake his *Twelue-pence* to a meaner host.

Hadst

Hadſt thou not told me, I ſhou'd ſurely ſay,
He touch't no meat of all this liue-long day.
For ſure me thought, yet that was but a gheſſe,
His eyes ſeeme ſunke for very hollowneſſe.
But could he haue (as I did it miſtake)
So little in his purſe, ſo much vpon his backe:
So nothing in his maw: yet ſeemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut, no too much ſtuffing felt.
Seeſt thou how ſide it hangs beneath his hip,
Hunger, and beanie Iron makes girdles ſlip.
Yet for all that how ſtifly ſtrits he by,
All trapped in the new-found brauerie.
The *Nuns* of new-woon *Cales* his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their ſo kind a Conquerment.
What neded he fetch that from farthеſt *Spaine*,
His *Grandame* could haue lent with leſſer paine?
Tho he perhaps neuer paſt the Engliſh ſhore;
Yet faine would counted be a Conquerour.
His haire *French like*; ſtares on his frighted hed,
One locke *Amazon-like* diſheueled:

As if he ment to weare a natiue cord,
If chaunce his *Fates* ſhould him that bane afford.
All *Britiſh* bare vpon the briſtled ſkin,
Cloſe noched is his beard both lip and chin.
His linnen collar *Labyrinthian*-ſet,
Whoſe thouſand double turnings neuer met:
His ſleeues halfe hid with elbow-*Pineonings*,
As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.
But when I looke and caſt mine eyes below,
VVhat monſter meets mine eyes in humane ſhowe
So ſlender waſt with ſuch an Abbots loyne,
Did neuer ſober Nature ſure conioyne:
Lik'ſt a ſtrawne ſcar-crow in the new-ſowne field,
Reard on ſome ſticke, the tender corne to ſhield:
Or if that ſemblance ſuite not euerie deale,
Like a broad ſhak-forke with a ſlender ſteale.
Deſpiſed Nature ſuit them once aright,
Their bodie to their cote: both now miſ-dight:
Their bodie to their clothes might ſhapen bee,
That nill their clothes ſhape to their bodie.

Meane

Meane while I wonder at ſo proud a backe,
Whiles th'emptie guts loud rumblen for long lacke.
The bellie enuieth the backs bright glee,
And murmurs at ſuch inequalitie.
The backe appeales vnto the partiall eine,
The plaintiue bellie pleads they bribed beene:
And he for want of better Aduocate,
Doth to the eare his iniurie relate.
The backe inſulting ore the bellies need,
Saies: thou thy ſelfe, I others eyes muſt feed.
The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine
The backs great pride, and their owne ſecret paine.
Ye witleſſe gallants, I beſhrew your harts,
That ſets ſuch diſcord twixt agreeing parts,
Which neuer can be ſet at onement more,
Vntill the mawes wide mouth be ſtopt with ſtore.

The Concluſion of all.

THus haue I writ in ſmoother Cedar tree,
So gentle Satyrs, pend ſo eaſily.
Henceforth I write in crabbed oke-tree rinde:
Search they that meane the ſecret meaning finde.
Hold out ye guiltie, and ye ſcalled hides,
And meet my far-fetch'd ſtripes with waiting ſides.

FINIS.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

The three laſt Bookes.

Of byting Satyres.

Imprinted at London by *Richard Bradocke* for *Robert Dexter* at the ſigne-of the *Braſen Serpent* in *Paules Church yarde*. 1598.

VIRGIDEMIARVM

The three last Bookes.

Of Byting Satyres.

The Authors charge to his Satyres.

YE luck-leſſe Rymes, whom not vnkindly ſpight
Begot long ſince of Truth and holy rage,
Lye here in wombe of Silence and ſtill night
Vntill the broyles of next vnquiet age
That which is others graue, ſhall be your wombe.
And that which beares you, your eternall Toombe.

Ceaſe ere ye gin, and ere ye liue be dead,
And dye and liue ere euer ye be borne,
And be not bore, ere ye be Buryed,
Then after liue, ſith you haue dy'd beforne,
When I am dead and rotten in the duſt,
Then gin to liue, and leaue when others luſt.

For when I dye ſhall Ennie die with mee
And lye deepe ſmothered with my Marble-ſtone,
Which while I liue cannot be done to dye,

Nor,

Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,
Will hardly yelde t' awayt my mourning hearſe.
But for my dead corps change my lining verſe.

VVhat ſhall the aſhes of my ſenſeleſſe vrne,
Neede to regard the rauing worlde aboue.
Sith afterwards I neuer can returne
To feele the force of Hatred or of Loue?
Oh if my ſoule could ſee their Poſt-hume ſpight
Should it not ioy and Triumph in the ſight?

What euer eye ſhalt finde this hateſull ſcrolle,
After the date of my deare Exequies
Ah pitty thou my playning Orphanes *dole*
That faine would ſee the Sunne before it dyes;
It dy'de before, now let it liue agane,
Then let it dye, and bide ſome famus bane.

Satis eſt potuiſſe videri.

VIRGIDEMIARVM LIB. 4.

B

SAT. 1.

Che baiar Vual, bai.

WHO dares vpbraid theſe open rimes of mine,
With blindfold *Aquines*, or darke *Vennſine*?
Or rough-hew'ne *Teretiſius* writ in th'antique vain
Like an old *Satyre*, and new *Flaccian*?
Which who reads thriſe, & rubs his rugged brow,
And deepe indenteth euery doubtfull row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing ſtars
And hundreth crooked interlinears,
(Like to a merchants debt-role new defact
When ſome crack'd *Manour* croſt his book at laſt)
Should all in rage the Curſe-beat Page out-riue,
And in ech duſt-heape bury mee aliue

SAT. 1.

Stamping like *Bucephall*, whose slackned raynes,
And bloody fet-lockes fry with seuen mens braines;
More cruell then the cranon *Satyres* Ghost,
That bound dead-bones vnto a burning post,
Or some more strait-lac'd furor of the rest,
Impannel'd of an Holy Sax inquest;
Yet well bethought stoops downe, and reads a new,
The best lies low, and loaths the shallow view,
Quoth old *Eudemon*, when his gout-swolne fist
Gropes for his double Ducates in his chist:
Then buckle close his careleſſe lyds once more,
To pose the poore-blind snake of *Epidaure*.
That *Lynceus* may be match't with *Gaulards* sight,
That sees not *Paris* for the houses height;
Or wilie *Cyprus*, that can winke and snort
Whiles his wife cal'yes on *Arcenas* skort;
Yet when hee hath my crabbed Pamphlet red:
As oftentimes as *PHILIP* hath beene dead,

Bids

SATYR. 2.

Bids all the Furies haunt ech peeuiſh line
That thus haue rackt their friendly readers eyne;
Worſe then the *Logogryphes* of later times,
Or *Hundreth Riddles* ſhrik't to ſleeue-leſſe rimes;
Should I endure theſe curſes and diſpight
While no mans eare ſhould glow at what I write?
Labeo is whip't, and laughs mee in the face
Why? for I ſmite and hide the galled-place.
Gird but the *Cynicks* Helmet on his head,
Cares hee for *Talus*, or his flayle of lead?
Long as the craftie *Cuttle* lieth ſure
In the blacke *Cloud* of his thicke vomiture;
Who liſt complaine of wronged faith or fame
When hee may ſhift it to anothers name?
Caluus can ſcratch his elbow, and can ſmile,
That thrift-leſſe *Pontice* bites his lip the while
Yet I intended in that ſelfe deuiſe,
To checke the churle for his knowne couetiſe.

SAT. 1.

Ech points his ſtraight fore-finger to his friend,
Like the blind Diall on the Belfrey end,
Who turns it homeward to ſay, this is I,
As bolder *Socrates* in the Comedie?
But ſingle out, and ſay once plat and plaine
That coy *Matrona* is a Curtizan,
Or thou falſe *Criſpus* chokd'ſt thy welthy gueſt
Whiles hee lay ſnoring at his midnight reſt,
And in thy dung-cart did'ſt the carkaſſe ſhrine
And deepe intombe it in *Port-eſquiline*;
Proud *Trebius* liu's for all his princely gate
Or third-hand ſuits, and ſcrapings of the plate,
Titius knew not where to ſhroud his head
Vntill hee did a dying widow wed;
Whiles ſhee lay doting on her deathes bed
And now hath purchaſ'd lands with one nights paine,
And on the morrow woes and weds againe.
Now ſee I fire-flakes ſparkle from his eies

Like

SAT. 1.

Like to a *Comets* tayle in th'angrie skies,
His pouting cheeks puff vp aboue his brow
Like a ſwolne Toad touch't with the Spiders blow;
His mouth ſhrinks ſideward like a ſcornfull *Playſe*
To take his tired Eares ingratefull place:
His Eares hang lauing like a new-lug'd ſwine
To take ſome counſell of his grieued eyne,
Now laugh I loud, and breake my ſplene to ſee
This pleaſing paſtime of my poeſie,
Much better then a Paris-Garden Beare
Or prating puppet on a Theatere.
Or *Mimoes* whiſtling to his tabouret
Selling a laughter for a cold meales meat;
Go to then ye my ſacred *Semones*;
And pleaſe mee more, the more ye doe diſpleaſe;
Care we for all thoſe bugs of ydle feare?
For *Tigels* grinning on the Theater,
Or ſcar-babe threatnings of the raſcal crue,

SAT. 1.

Or wind-ſpent verdicts of ech Ale-knights view,
What euer breſt doth freeze for ſuch falſe dread;
Beſhrew his baſe white liuer for his meede;
Fond were that pittie, and that feare were ſin,
To ſpare waſt leaues that ſo deſerued bin:
Thoſe tooth-leſſe *Toyes* that dropt out by miſ-hap,
Bee but as lightning to a thunder-clap:
Shall then that foule infamous *Cyneds* hide
Laugh at the purple wales of others ſide?
Not, if hee were as neere; as by report,
The ſtewes had wont be to the Tenis-court.
Hee that while thouſands enuy at his bed,
Neighs after Bridals, and freſh-mayden head;
While ſlauiſh *Iuno* dares not looke awry
To frowne at ſuch imperious riualrie,
Not tho ſhee ſees her wedding Iewels dreſt
To make new *Bracelets* for a ſtrumpets wreſt,
Or like ſome ſtrange diſguiſed *Meſſaline*.

Hires

SAT. 1.

Hires a nights lodging of his concubine;
Whether his twi-light-torch of loue doe call
To reuels of vncleanly Muſicall,
Or midnight playes, or Tauerns of new wine,
Hy ye white Aprons, to your Land-Lords ſigne;
When all ſaue tooth-leſſe age or infancie,
Are ſummon'd to the Court of Venerie.
Who list excuſe? when chaſter dames can hyre,
Some ſnout-fayre ſtripling to their Apple-ſquire:
Whom ſtaked vp like to ſome ſtallion-ſteed
They keepe with Egs and Oyſters for the breed;
O *Lucine!* barren *Caia* hath an heire
After her husband's dozen yeares deſpayre:
And now the bribed Mid-wife ſweares apace,
The baſtard babe doth beare his fathers face;
But hath not *Lelia* paſt her virgine yeares?
For modeſt ſhame (God wot) or penall feares.
He tells a Merchant tidings of a priſe.

That

SAT. 1.

That tells *Cynedo* of ſuch noueltie;
Worth litle leſſe then landing of a whale,
Or *Gades* ſpoyles, or a churls funerall:
Go bid the banes, and poynt the bridall-day,
His broking Baud hath got a noble prey,
A vacant tenement, an honeſt dowre
Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
That hee, baſe wretch, may clog his wit-oldhead
And giue him hanſell of his Hymen-bed:
Ho! all ye Females that would liue vnſhent
Fly from the reach of *Cyneds* regiment;
If Trent be drawn to dregs, and *Low* refuſe,
Hence ye hot lechour, to the ſteaming ſtewes.
Tyber the famous ſinke of Chriſtendome
Turn thou to *Thames*, & *Thames* rũn towards *Rome*,
What euer damned ſtreame but thine were meete
To quench his luſting liuers boyling heat.
Thy double draught may quench his dog-daies rage

With

SAT. 1.

With ſome ſtale *Bacchis*, or obſequious page,
When writhen *Lena* makes her ſale-ſet ſhowes:
Of wooden *Venus* with fayre limned browes,
Or like him more ſome vayled *Matrones* face,
Or trayned prentiſe trading in the place:
The cloſe adultereſſe, where her name is red
Coms erauling from her husbands lukewarme bed,
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odors ſweet,
Groping the poſtern with her bared feet.
Now play the *Satyre* who ſo liſt for mee,
Valentine ſelfe, or ſome as chaſt as hee;
In vaine ſhee wiſheth long *Alchmenas* night
Curſing the haſty dawning of the light,
And with her cruell Ladie-ſtarre vproſe
Shee ſeekes her third rouſt on her ſilent toes.
Beſmeared all with loathſome ſmoke of luſt
Like *Acherons* ſteemes, or ſmoldring ſulphur duſt,
Yet all day ſits ſhee ſimpring in her mew

Like

SAT. 1.

Like ſome chaſt dame, or ſhrined ſaynct in ſhew,
Whiles hee lies wallowing with a weſty hed
And paliſh carkaſſe, on his *Brothel*-bed,
Till his ſalt bowe'ls boyle with poyſonous fire.
Right *Hercules* with his ſecond *Deianire*:
O *Eſculape!* how rife is Phiſicke made
When ech *Braſſe*-baſen can profeſſe the trade
Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
And doe the beaſtly cure for ten-grotes gaine?
All theſe & more, deſerue ſome blood-drawne lines,
But my ſixe Cords beene of too looſe a twine,
Stay till my beard ſhal ſweepe mine aged breſt,
Then ſhall I ſeeme an awfull *Satyriſt*;
While now my rimes relliſh of the Ferule ſtill,
Some noſe-wiſe *Pedant* ſaith; whoſe deep ſeen skill
Hath three times conſtrued eyther *Flaccus* ore
And thriſe rehearſ'd them in his Triuiall floare,
So let them taxe mee for my hote-bloodes rage,
Rather then ſay I doted in my age. *Arca-*

SAT. 2.

Arcades ambo.

OLD driueling *Lolio* drudges all he can,
To make his oldeſt ſonne a Gentleman;
Who can deſpayre that ſees another thriue,
By lone of twelue-pence to an Oyſter-wiue?
when a craz'd ſcaffold, and a rotten ſtage,
Was all rich *Nemus* his heritage.
Nought ſpendeth he for feare, nor ſpares for coſt,
And all he ſpendes and ſpaires beſide is loſt;
Himſelfe goes patch'd like ſome bare *Cottyer*,
Leaſt he might ought the future ſtocke appeyre.
Let giddy *Coſmius* change his choyce aray,
Like as the *Turke* his Tents thriſe in a day.

And

SAT. 2.

And all the ſun and ayre his ſutes vntold
From ſpightfull mothes, and fret, and hoary mold,
Bearing his paune-layd lands vpon his backe
As ſnayles their ſhels, or pedlers doe their packe:
Who cannot ſhine in tiſſues and pure gold,
That hath his lands and patrimonie ſold?
Lolioes ſide-cote is rough *Pampilian*
Guilded with drops that downe the boſome ran,
White Carſy hoſe, patched on eyther knee,
The very Embleme of good husbandrie.
And a knit night-cap made of courſeſt twine,
With two long labels button'd to his chin;
So rides he mounted on the market-day
Vpon a ſtraw-ſtu'ſt pannell, all the way;
With a Maund charg'd with houſhold merchandiſe
With egs, or white-meat, from both Dayries:
And with that byes he roſt for ſunday-noone,
Proud how he made that weeks prouiſion;

Elſe

SAT. 2.

Elſe is he ſtall-fed on the workey-day
With browne-bread cruſts ſoftened in ſodden whay,
Or water-grewell, or thoſe paups of meale
That *Maro* makes his *Simule*, and *Cybeale*.
Or once a weeke perhaps for nouelty,
Ree'zd Bacon ſoords ſhall feaſt his family;
And weens this more then one egge cle'ſt in twaine
To feaſt ſome patrone and his chappelaine:
Or more then is ſome hungry gallants dole
That in a dearth runs ſneaking to an hole;
And leaues his man and dog to keepe his hall
Leaſt the wild roome ſhould ruu forth of the wall;
Good man! him liſt not ſpend his idle meales
In quinſing Plouers, or in winning Quailes;
Nor toot in Cheap-ſide baſkets earne and late
To ſet the firſt tooth in ſome nouell-cate (pleaſe
Let ſweeet-mouth'd *Mercia*, bid what crowns ſhe
For halfe-red Cherries, or greene garden-peaſe,

Or

SAT. 2.

Or the first Artichoks of all the yeare,
To make so lauish cost for little cheare:
When *Eolio* fealteth in his reueling fit,
Some starued Pullen scoures the rusted spit.
For else how should his sonne maintained bee,
At Ins of Court or of the Chancery:
There to learne law, and courtly carriage,
To make amendes for his meane parentage,
Where he vnknowne and ruffling as he can,
Goes currant ech-where for a Gentleman.
What brokers lowly wardrop cannot reach,
With tissued panes to prancke ech peasants breech?
Couldst thou but giue the wall, the cap, the knee,
To proud *Sartorio* that goes straddling by,
Wer't not the needle pricked on his sleeue
Doth by good hap the secret watch-word giue?
But hear'st thou *Lolioes* sonne, gin not thy gate,
Vntill the euening Oule or bloody-Batt.

Neuer

SAT. 2.

Neuer vntill the lamps of of *Paules* beene light,
And niggard lanternes ſhade the Moon-ſhine night;
Then when the guiltie bankrupt in bold dread,
From his cloſe Cabin thruſts his ſhrinking head,
That hath bene long in ſhady ſhelter pent
Impriſoned for feare of priſonment.
May be ſome ruſſet-cote *Parochian*
Shall call thee coſen, friend or countryman,
And for thy hoped fiſt croſſing the ſtreet,
Shall in thy fathers name his God-ſon greete,
Could neuer man worke the a worſer ſhame
Then once to minge thy fathers odious name,
Whoſe mention were alike to thee as leeue
As a Catch-pols fiſt vnto a Bankrupts ſleeue;
Or an, *Hos ego*, from old *Petrarchs* ſpright
Vnto a Plagiarie ſonnet-wright.
There ſoone as he can kiſſe his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,

SAT. 2.

Or make a *Spaniſh* face with fauning cheere,
With th'Iland-Congè like a Caualier;
And ſhake his head, and cringe his necke and ſide,
Home hyes he in his fathers Farme to bide,
The Tenants wonder at their Land-Lords Sonne,
And bleſſe them at ſo ſudden comming on.
More then who vies his pence to viewe ſome trick,
Of ſtrange *Moraccoes* dumbe Arithmetike,
Or the young Elephant, or two-tayl'd ſteere,
Or the rigd' Camell, or the Fidling Frere.
Nay then his *Hodge* ſhall leaue the plough & waine,
And buy a booke, and to *Schole* againe,
Why mought not he aſwell as others done:
Riſe from his *Feſtue* to his *Littleton*.
Fooles, they may feede with words & line by ayre,
That climbe to honor by the Pulpits ſtayre.
Sit ſeuen yeares pining in an *Anchores* cheyre,
To win ſome patched ſhreds of *Miniuere*,

And

SAT. 2.

And seuen more plod at a Patrons tayle,
To get a gelded Chappels cheaper sayle.
Olde *Lolio* sees and laugheth in his sleeue,
At the great hope they and his state do giue,
But that which glads and makes him proud'st of all,
Is when the brabling Neighbours on him call,
For counsell in some crabbed case of lawe,
Or some Indentments, or some bond to draw:
His Neighbours goose hath grazed on his Lea,
What action mought be entred in the plea,
So new-falne lands haue made him in request,
That now he lookes as lofty as the best.
And well done *Lolio*, like a thrifty syre,
T'were pitty but thy sonne should proue a squire,
How I fore-see in many ages past,
When *Lolioes* caytiue name is quite defa'st,
Thine heyre, thine heyres heyre, & his heire againe
From out the loynes of carefull *Lolian*,

SAT. 2.

Shall climbe vp to the Chancell pewes on hie,
And rule and raigne in their rich Tenancie;
When perch't aloft to perfect their eſtate
They racke their rents vnto a treble rate;
And hedge in all the neighbour commonlands,
And clogge their ſlauiſh tenant with commaunds
Whiles they, poore ſoules, with feeling ſighs cõplain
And wiſh old *Lolio* were aliue againe;
And praiſe his gentle ſoule and wiſh it weell
And of his friendly facts fall often tell.
His father dead, tuſh, no it was not hee,
He finds records of his great pedigree,
And tels how firſt his famous Anceſtor
Did come in long ſince with the conquerour.
Nor hath ſome bribed Herald firſt aſſign'd
His quartered Armes and creſt of gentle kinde,
The ſcottiſh Barnacle (if I might chooſe)
That of a worme doth wax a winged gooſe;

Nathe-

SAT. 2.

Natheleſſe ſome hungry ſquire for hope of good
Matches the churles Sonne into gentle blood,
Whoſe ſonne more iuſtly of his gentry boaſts
Then who were borne at two pide-painted poſts;
And had ſome traunting Merchant to his ſyre
That traufiqu'ed both by water and by fyre.
O times! ſince ever *Rome* did Kings create,
Braſſe Gentlemen, and *Ceſar* Laureates.

SAT. 3.

Fuimus Troës.

VEL

Vix ea nostra.

WHat boots it *Pontice*, tho thou could'st discourse
Of a long golden line of Ancestors?
Or shew their painted faces gaylie drest,
From euer since before the last conquest;
Or tedious *Bedroles* of descended blood,
From Father *Iaphet* since *Deucalions* flood,
Or call some old Church-windowes to record,
The age of thy fayre Arms,
Or find some figures halfe *Obliterate*:
In rain-beat Marble neare to the Church-gate,

Vpon

SAT. 3.

Vpon a Croſſe-leg'd Toombe: what boots it thee
To ſhew the ruſted *Buckle* that did tie,
The Garter of thy greateſt Grand-ſires knee.
What to reſerue their reliques many yeares,
Their ſiluer-ſpurs, or ſpils of broken ſpeares;
Or cite olde *Oelands* verſe, how they did weild,
The wars in *Turwin*, or in *Turney* field;
And if thou canſt in picking ſtrawes engage
In one halfe day thy fathers heritate,
Or hide what euer treaſures he thee got,
In ſome deepe Cock-pit; or in deſperate Lot
Vpon a ſixe-ſquare peece of Iuorie,
Throw both thy ſelfe, and thy Poſteritie?
Or if (O ſhame) in hired Harlots bed
Thy wealthy heyre-dome thou haue buried,
Then *Pontice* little boots thee to diſcourſe,
Of a long golden line of Anceſtors:
Ventrous *Fortunio* his farme hath ſold,

SAT. 3.

And gads to *Guiane* land to fish for gold,
Meeting perhaps, if *Orenoque* denye,
Some straggling pinnace of *Polonian Rie.*
Then comes home floting with a silken sayle,
That *Severne* shaketh with his Canon-peale;
Wyler *Raymundus* in his closet pent,
Laughs at such daunger and aduenturement;
When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And nowe his second hopefull glasse is broke.
But yet if haply his third fornace hold,
Deuoteth all his pots and pans to gold;
So spend thou *Pontice*, if thou canst not spare,
Like some stout sea-man or *Philosopher*;
And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise,
No thanke to thee by whome their name decays;
By vertue got they it, and valourous deed,
Do thou so *Pontice*, and be honoured:
But els locke howe their vertue was their owne,

Not

SAT. 3.

Not capable of propagation,
Right so their titles beene, nor can be thine,
Whose ill deserts might blancke their golden line.
Tell me, thou gentle *Troian*; dost thou prise
Thy brute beasts worth by their dams qualities;
Say'st thou this *Colt* shall prooue a swift-pac'd steed,
Only because a *Iennet* did him breed?
Or say'st thou this same Horsse shall win the prize,
Because his dame was swiftest *Truncheface*,
Or *Runcenall* his Syre; himselfe a *Gallaway*?
Whiles like a tireling lade he lags half-waye;
Or whiles thou seest some of thy *Stallion-race*,
Their eyes boar'd out, masking the Millers-maze,
Like to a *Scythian* slaue sworne to the payle;
Or dragging froathy barrels at his tayle?
Albee wise Nature in her prouidence,
Wont in the want of reason and of sence,
Traduce the natiue vertue with the kinde,

Making

SAT. 3.

Making all brute and senseleſſe things inclin'd,
Vnto their cauſe, or place where they were ſowne;
That one is like to all, and all like one;
Was neuer Foxe but wily cubs begets;
The Beare his feirce-neſſe to his brood beſets;
Nor feareſull Hare fals out of Lyons ſeede,
Nor Eagle wont the tender Doue to breede;
Creet euer wont the *Cypreſſe* ſad to beare,
Acheron banks the paliſh Popelare;
The Palme doth riſely riſe in Iury field,
And *Alphens* waters nought but Oliues wild.
Æſopus breeds big-Bul-Ruſhes alone,
Meander heath; Peaches by *Nilus* growne;
An Engliſh Wolfe, an Iriſh Toad to ſee,
Were as a chaſt-man nurſ'd in *Italie*.
And now when *Nature* giues another guide,
To humane-kind that in his boſome bides:
Aboue inſtinct his reaſon and diſcourſe,

His

SAT. 3.

His beeing better, is his life the worse?
Ah me! how seldome see we sonns succeed,
Their Fathers praise in prowesse, and great deed;
Yet, certes if the *Syre* be ill inclin'd
His faults befall his sonns by course of kinde;
Scaurus was couetous; his sonne not so,
But not his pared nayle will hee forgoe:
Florian the syre did women loue a life,
And so his sonne doth too; all, but his wife:
Brag of thy Fathers faults, they are thine owne;
Brag of his Lands, if those bee not forgone:
Brag of thine owne good deeds, for they are thine,
More then his life, or lands, or golden line.

Plus

SAT. 4.

Plus beau que fort.

CAn I not touch ſome vpſtart carpet-ſheild
Of *Lolio's* ſonne, that neuer ſaw the field,
Or taxe wild *Pontice* for his *Luxuries*,
But ſtraight they tell mee of *Tireſias* eyes,
Or luckleſſe *Collingborns* feeding of the crowes,
Or hundreth *Scalps* which *Thames* ſtill vnderflowes?
But ſtraight *Sigalion* nods and knits his browes,
And winkes and waſtes his warming hand for feare,
And liſps ſome ſilent letters in my eare?
Haue I not vow'd for ſhunning ſuch debate
(Pardon ye Satyres) to degenerate?
And wading low in this plebeian lake

SAT. 4.

That no ſalt waue ſhall froath vpon my backe,
Let *Labeo*, or who elſe liſt for mee,
Go looſe his eares and fall to *Alchymie.*
Onely, let *Gallio* giue me leaue a while
To ſchoole him once, or ere I change my ſtyle.
O lawleſſe paunch the cauſe of much deſpight,
Through raunging of a curriſh appetite,
When ſpleniſh morſels cram the gaping Maw,
Withouten diets care, or trencher-law,
Tho neuer haue I *Salerne* rimes profeſt
To be ſome Ladies trencher criticke gueſt;
Whiles each bitt cooleth for the Oracle
Whoſe ſentence charms it with a ryming ſpell;
Touch not this Coler, that Melancholy
This bit were dry and hote, that cold and dry;
Yet can I ſet my *Gallios* dieting,
A peſtle of a Larke, or Plouers wing,
And warne him not to caſt his wanton eyne

On

SAT. 4.

On groſſer *Bacon*, or ſalt Haberdine,
Or dried Fliches of ſome ſmoked *Beeue*,
Hang'd on a writhen with, ſince *Martins* eue,
Or burnt Larkes heeles, or Raſhers raw and grene,
Or Melancholike liuer of an Hen,
Which ſtout *Vorano* brag's to make his feaſt,
And claps his hand on his braue Oſtrige-breſt;
Then fals to praiſe the hardy *Ianizar*,
That ſucks his horſe ſide thirſting in the warre;
Laſtly to ſeale vp all that he hath ſpoke,
Quaffes a whole Tunnell of *Tobacco* ſmoke:
If *Martius* in boyſtrous *Buffes* be dreſt,
*Bran*ded with Iron-plates vpon the breſt,
And pointed on the ſhoulders, for the nonce,
As new-come from the *Belgian garriſons*;
What ſhall thou need to enuie ought as that,
When as thou ſmelleſt like a *Ciuet-Cat*;
When as thine oyled lookes ſmooth platted fall,

Shining

SAT. 4.

Shining like varniſht pictures on a wall,
When a plum'd Fanne may ſhade thy chalked face,
And lawny ſtrips thy naked boſome grace:
If brabling *Make-fray* at ech Fayre and *Siſe*,
Picks quarrels for to ſhow his valiantiſe,
Straight preſſed for an hungry *Swizzers* pay,
To thruſt his fiſt to each part of the fray,
And piping hote puffes toward the pointed plaine,
With a broad *Scot*, or proking ſpit of *Spayne*,
Or hoyſeth ſayle vp to a forraine ſhore,
That he may liue a lawleſſe Conquerer.
If ſome ſuch deſperate *Hackſter* ſhall deuiſe
To rouze thine Hares-hart from her cowardiſe,
As idle children ſtriuing to excell,
In blowing bubles from an emptie ſhell;
Oh *Hercules* how like to proue a man
That all ſo rath thy warlike life began;
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle ſer,

Her

SAT. 4.

Her husbands rusty iron corselet;
Whose iargling sound might rocke her babe to rest;
That neuer playn'd of his vneasie nest
There did he dreame of drery wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand;
But who hath seene the Lambs of *Tarentine*,
May gesse what *Gallio* his manners beene;
All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
Soft as the fuzzy ball, or *Morrians* crowne;
Now *Gallio*, gines thy youthly heate to raigne
In euery vigorous limme, and swelling vaine,
Time bids thee raise thine hedstrong thoughts on hy
To valour and aduenterous chiualrie;
Paune thou no gloue for challenge of the deed,
Nor make thy *Quintaine* others armed head
T'enrich the waiting Herald with thy shame
And make thy losse, the scornfull scaffolds game.
Wars; God forfend; nay God defend from warre,

Soone

SAT. 4.

Soone are Sonns ſpent, that not ſoone reared are:
Gallio may pull mee Roſes ere they fall,
Or in his Net entrap the Tennis-ball:
Or tend his Spar-hauke mantling in her mew,
Or yelping Begles buſy heeles perſue,
Or watch a ſinking corke vpon the ſhore,
Or halter Finches through a priuy doore,
Or liſt he ſpend the time in ſportfull game,
In daily courting of his louely dame,
Hang'e on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, ioy in her iollity,
Here's little perill, and much leſſer paine,
So timely *Hymen* doe the reſt reſtraine:
Hy wanton *Gallio* and wed betime,
Why ſhould'ſt thou leeſe the pleaſures of thy prime?
Seeſt thou the Roſe-leaues fall vngathered?
Then hy thee wanton *Gallio* to wed:
Let Ring and Ferule meet vpon thine hand,

SAT. 4.

And *Lucines* girdle with her ſwathing-bands,
Hy thee and giue the world yet one dwarfe more:
Such as it got when thou thy ſelfe waſt bore:
Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
Can neuer happines to ſoone begin;
Virginius vow'd to keepe his Mayden-head;
And eats chaſt Lettuce, and drinkes Poppy-ſeed,
And ſmels on Camphyre faſting: and that done
Long hath he liu'd, chaſt as a vayled Nunne.
Free as the new-abſolued *Damoſell*,
That Frere *Cornelius* ſhriued in his Cell,
Till now he waxt a toothleſſe *Bacheler*
He thaw's like *Chaucers* froſty *Ianuere*;
And ſets a Moniths minde vpon ſinyling *May*;
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;
Byting on Annis-ſeede, and Roſe-marine,
Which might the Fume of his rot lungs refine,

Now

SAT. 4.

Now he in *Charons* barge a Bride doth seeke,
The maydens mocke, and call him withered Leeke,
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

SAT. 5.

Stupet Albius aere.

WOuld now that *Matho* were the *Satyriſt*,
That ſome fat bribe might greaze him in the fiſt,
For which he neede not braule at any barre,
Nor kiſſe the booke to be a periurer;
Who elſe would ſcorne his ſilence to haue ſolde,
And haue his tongue tyed with ſtringes of golde?
Curius is dead, and buried long ſince,
And all that loued golden *Abſtinence*:
Might he not well repine at his olde fee,
Would he but ſpare to ſpeake of vſurie?
Hirelings enow beſide, can be ſo baſe,
Tho we ſhould ſcorne ech bribing varlets braſſe;

Yet

SAT. 5.

Yet he and I could ſhun ech iealous head,
Sticking our thumbs cloſe to our girdle-ſtead,
Tho were they manicled behinde our backe,
Anothers fiſt can ſerue our fees to take:
Yet purſy *Euclio* chearly ſmiling prayd,
That my ſharpe words might curtal their ſide trades
For thouſands beene in euery gouernall,
That liue by loſſe, and riſe by others fall,
What euer ſickly ſheepe ſo ſecret dies,
But ſome foule Rauen hath beſpoke his eyes?
What elſe makes *N.* when his lands are ſpent,
Go ſhaking like a threedbare malecontent.
Whoſe band-leſſe Bonnet vailes his ore-growu chin,
And ſullen rags bewray his Morphew'd skin;
So ſhipshe to the woluiſh weſterne ile,
Among the ſauage Kernes in ſad exile;
Or in the *Turkiſh* wars at *Cæſars* paye
To rub his life out till the lateſt day;

SAT. 5.

Another ſhifting Gallant to forecaſt,
To gull his Hoſteſſe for a months repaſt;
With ſome gal'd Trunk ballac'd with ſtraw & ſtone
Left for the paune of his prouiſion;
Had *F.* ſhop lyen fallow but from hence,
His doores cloſe ſeal'd as in ſome peſtilence,
Whiles his light heeles theis fearfull flight can take,
To get ſome badg-leſſe *Blew* vpon his backe?
Tocullio was a welthy vſurer,
Such ſtore of Incomes had he euery yeare,
By Buſhels was he wont to meete his coyne;
As did the olde wife of *Trimalcion*;
Could he doe more that finds an idle roome,
For many hundreth thouſands on a Toombe?
Or who reares vp foure free-ſchooles in his age,
Of his olde pillage, and damn'd ſurpluſage?
Yet now he ſwore by that ſweet Croſſe he kiſt,
(That ſiluer croſſe, where he had ſacrific'd

His

SAT. 5.

His coueting ſoule, by his deſires owne doome,
Dayly to dye the Diuels Martyrdome)
His Angels were all flowne vp to their ſky,
And had forſooke his naked Treſurie,
Farewell *Aſtræa* and her weights of gold,
Vntill his lingring Calends once be told;
Nought left behind but waxe & parchment ſcroells
Like *Lucians* dreame that ſiluer turn'd to coles:
Shouldſt thou him credit, that nould credit thee,
Yes and mayſt ſweare he ſwore the verity;
The ding-thrift heyre, his ſhift-got ſumme miſpent,
Comes drouping like a pennyleſſe penitent,
And beats his faint fiſt on *Tocullios* doore,
It loſt the laſt and now muſt call for more,
Now hath the Spider caught a wandring Flye,
And drags her captiue at her cruell thigh:
Soone is his errand red in his pale face,
Which beares dumbe *Characters* of euery caſe,

SAT. 5.

So *Syneds* dusky cheeke and fiery eye,
And hayre-les brow, tels where he last did lye,
So *Matho* doth bewray his guilty thought;
Whiles his pale face doth say, his cause is nought.
Seest thou the wary Angler trayle along,
His feeble line, soone as some Pike too strong
Hath swallowed the bayte that scornes the shore,
Yet now neare hand cannot resist no more:
So lyeth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence;
As he that vnder name of *Christmas* cheere;
Can starue his Tennants all th'ensuing yeare,
Paper and waxe (God wot) a weake repay,
For such deepe debts, and downstakt sums as they;
Write, seale, deliuer, take, go, spend and speede,
And yet full hardly could his present need.
Part with such summe; For but as yester-late
Did *Furnus* offer pen-worths at easy rate,

For

SAT. 5.

For ſmall diſburſment; He the bankes hath broke,
And needs mote now ſome further playne ore looke:
Yet ere he goe fayne would he be releaſt:
Hy you ye Rauens, hy you to the feaſt;
Prouided that thy lands are left entyre,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expyre;
Then ſhalt thou teare thoſe idle paper-bonds,
That thus had fettered thy pauned lands.
Ah foole! For ſoomer ſhall thou ſell the reſt,
Then ſtake ought for thy former Intreſt;
When it ſhall grinde thy grating gall for ſhame,
To ſee the lands that beare thy Grandſires name,
Become a dunghill peaſants ſommer-hall,
Or lonely *Hermits* cage inhoſpitall;
A pining Gourmand, an imperious ſlaue,
An horſ-leech, barren womb, and gaping graue,
A legall theefe, a bloud-leſſe murtherer;
A feind incarnate, a falſe Vſurer.

Albee

SAT. 5.

Albee such mayne extort scorns to be pent,
In the clay walles of thatched Tenement,
For certes no man of a low degree,
May bid two guestes; or Gout, or Vsurie:
Vnlesse some base hedge-creeping *Collybist*,
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list,
For Easter-gloues, or for a *Shrostide* Hen,
Which bought to giue, he takes to sell agen:
I doe nor meane some gloking Merchants feate,
That laugheth at the cozened worlds deceipt,
When as an hundred stocks ly in his fist,
He leakes and sinkes, and breaketh when he list:
But, *Nummius* eas'd the needy Gallants care,
With a base bargaine of his blowen ware,
Of fusted hoppes now lost for lacke of sayle,
Or mo'ld browne-paper that could nought auaile:
Or what he cannot vtter otherwise,
May pleasure *Fridoline* for treble price.

Whiles

SAT. 5.

Whiles his falſe broker lyeth in the winde,
And for a preſent Chapman is aſſign'd,
The cut-throte wretch for their compacted gaine,
Buyes all for but one quarter of the mayne;
Whiles if he chance to breake his deare-bought day,
And for fait for default of due repay.
His late intangled lands: Then *Fridoline*,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pyne,
If *Mammon* ſelfe ſhould euer liue with men,
Mammon himſelfe ſhalbe a Citizen.

Quid

SAT. 6.

Quid placet ergo?

I Wote not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know, or like not their eſtate:
Out from the Gades vp to the Eaſterne Morne,
Not one but holds his natiue ſtate forlorne.
When comely ſtriplings wiſh it weare their chance,
For *Cæsis* diſtaffe to exchange their Lance;
And weare curl'd Periwigs, and chalke their face,
And ſtill are poring on their pocket-glaſſe.
Tyr'd with pin'd Ruffes, and Fans, and partlet-ſtrips
And Buskes, and Verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked ſtilts a priſoners pace,
And make their Napkin for their ſpitting-place,

And

SAT. 6.

And gripe their waſt within a narrow ſpan,
Fond *Cæſar* that would'ſt wiſh to be a man;
Whoſe manniſh Huſ-wiues like their refuſe ſtate,
And make a drudge of their *uxorious* mate,
Who like a Cot-queene freezeth at the rocke,
Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forrein ſtocke.
Is't not a ſhame to ſee ech homely groome
Sit perched in an idle chariot-roome,
That were not meete ſome pannell to beſtride
Surcingled to a galled Hackneys hide?
Ech Muck-worme will be rich with lawleſſe gaine
Altho he ſmother vp mowes of ſeauen yeares graine,
And hang'd himſelfe when corn grows cheap againe;
Altho he buy whole Haruеſts in the ſpring
And foiſt in falſe ſtrikes to the meaſuring:
Altho his ſhop be muffled from the light
Like a day-dungeon, or *Cimmerian* night,
Nor full nor faſting can the Carle take reſt:

Whiles

SAT. 6.

Whiles his *George-Nobles* ruſten in his Cheſt;
He ſleeps but once and dreames of burglarie;
And wakes and caſtes about his frighted eye,
And gropes for theeues in euery darker ſhade;
And if a Moule but ſtir he cals for ayde.
The ſturdy Plough-man doth the ſoldier ſee,
All ſcarfed with pide colours to the knee,
Whom *Indian* pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he gins to loath his former ſtate:
Now doth he inly ſcorne his Kendall-greene,
And his patch't Cockers now deſpiſed beene.
Nor liſt he now go whiſtling to the Carre,
But ſels his Teme and fetleth to the warre,
O warre to them that neuer tryde thee ſweete;
When his dead mate fals groueling at his feete,
And angry Bullets whiſtlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes ſee nought but death & drere:
Oh happy Plough-mā were thy weale well known;

Oh

SAT. 6.

Oh happy all estates except his owne,
Some drunken *Rimer* thinks his time well spent,
If he can liue to see his name in print,
Who when he is once fleshed to the Presse;
And sees his handsell haue such fayre successe,
Sung to the wheele, and sung vnto the payle,
He sends forth Thraues of Ballads to the sale.
Nor then can rest: But volumes vp bodg'd Rimes,
To haue his name talk't of in future times:
The brainsicke youth that feeds his tickled eare,
With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false *Traueiler*,
Which hath the *Spanish* decades red a while;
Or whet-stone learnings of olde *Maundeuile*.
Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe,
Of his aduentures through the *Indian* deepe,
Of all their massy heapes of golden mines,
Or of the antique Toombs of *Palestine*;
Or of *Damascus* Magike wall of Glasse,

Of

SAT. 6.

Of *Salomon* his ſweating Piles of Braſſe,
Of the Bird *Rye* that beares an Elephant:
Of Mer-maids that the Southerne ſeas do haunt:
Of head-leſſe men; of ſauage *Cannibals*;
The faſhions of their liues and Gouernals:
What monſtrous Cities there erected bee,
Cayro, or the Citie of the Trinitie,
Now are they dung-hill-Cocks that haue not ſeene
The bordering Alpes, or elſe the Neighbour Rhene,
And now he plyes the newes-full Graſhopper,
Of voyages and ventures to enquire.
His land morgag'd: He ſea-beat in the way
Wiſhes for home a thouſand fubes a day;
And now he deemes his home-bred fare as leeſe
As his parch't Bisket, or his Barreld Beefe:
Mong'ſt all theſe ſturs of diſcontented ſtrife,
Oh let me lead an Academicke life,
To know much, and to thinke we nothing know;

Nothing

SAT. 6.

Nothing to haue, yet thinke we haue enough,
In skill to want, and wanting seeke for more,
In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store;
Enuye ye Monarchs with your proud excesse:
At our low Sayle, and our hye Happinesse.

Lib. 4. Finis.

VIRGIDEMIARVM LIB. 5.

E 5

SAT. 1.

Sit pœna merenti.

PArdon ye glowing eares; Needs will it out,
Tho brazen wals compaſt'd my tongue about,
As thicke as welthy *Scrobioes* quick-ſet rowes,
In the wide Common that he did incloſe.
Pull out mine eyes, if I ſhall ſee no vice,
Or let me ſee it with deteſting eyes;
Reno wmed *Aquine*, now I follow thee,
Farre as I may for feare of ieopardie;
And to thy hand yeeld vp the *Iuye*-mace,
From crabbed *Perſius*, and more ſmooth *Horace*;
Or from that ſhrew, the *Roman* Poeteſſe,
That taught her goſſips learned bitterneſſe,

SAT. 1.

Or *Lucilles* muſe whom thou did'ſt imitate,
Or *Menips* olde, or *Paſquillers* of late.
Yet name I not *Mutius*, or *Tigilline*;
Tho they deſerue a keener ſtile then mine;
Nor meane to ranſacke vp the quiet graue,
Nor burne dead bones, as he example gaue;
I taxe the liuing, let dead aſhes reſt,
Whoſe faults are dead, and nayled in their Cheſt;
Who can refraine, that's guiltleſſe of their crime,
Whiles yet he liues in ſuch a cruell time,
When *Titius* his grounds that in Grand-ſires daies,
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raiſe
A ſommer-ſnow-ball, or a winter-roſe,
Is growne to thouſands as the world now goes;
So thirſt, and time ſets other things on flote,
That now his Sonne ſoopps in a ſilken cote,
Whoſe Grandſire happily a poore hungry ſwayne,
Beg'd ſome caſt Abby in the Churches wayne

SAT. 1.

And but for that, what euer he may vaunt,
Who now's a Monke, had beene a *Mendicant*;
While freezing *Matho*, that for one leane fee,
Wont terme eech Terme the Terme of *Hilarie*,
May now in ſteed of thoſe his ſimple fees;
Get the fee-ſimples of fayre Manneryes.
What, did he counterfait his Princes hand,
For ſome braue Lord-ſhip of concealed land?
Or on eech *Michaell*, and *Lady-day*,
Tooke he deepe forfaits for an houres delay?
And gain'd no leſſe by ſuch iniurious braule,
Then *Gamius* by his ſixt wiues burriall?
Or hath he wonne ſome wider Intereſt,
By hoary charters from his Grand-ſires cheſt,
Which late ſome bribed Scribe for ſlender wage,
Writ in the Characters of another age,
That *Ployden* ſelfe might ſtammer to rehearſe,
Whoſe date ore-lookes three *Centuries* of yeares;

SAT. 1.

Who euer yet the Trackes of weale ſo tride,
But there hath beene one beaten way beſide?
He, when he lets a Leaſe for life, or yeares,
(As neuer he doth vntill the date expeares;
For when the full ſtate in his fiſt doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancy,)
His Fine affor'ds ſo many trebled pounds,
As he agreeth yeares to Leaſe his grounds
His Rent in faire reſpondence muſt ariſe,
To double trebles of his one yeares price;
Of one bayes bread'th, God wot, a ſilly cote,
Whoſe thatched ſparr es are furr'd with ſluttiſh ſoote
A whole inch thick; ſhining like *Black*-moors brows
Through ſmok that down the head-les barrel blows:
At his beds-feete feeden his ſtalled teme,
His ſwine beneath; his pullen ore the beame:
A ſtarued Tenement, ſuch as I geſſe,
Stand ſtragling in the waſts of *Holderneſſe*.

Or

SAT. 1.

Or ſuch as ſhiuer on a Peake-hill ſide,
When *Marches* lungs beate on their turfe-clad hide?
Such as nice *Lipſius* would grudge to ſee,
Aboue his lodging in wild *Weſt-phalye*:
Or as the *Saxon* King his Court might make,
When his ſides playned of the Neat-heards cake.
Yet muſt he haunt his greedy Land-lords hall,
With often preſents at ech Feſtiuall;
With crammed Capons euery New-yeares morne,
Or with greene-cheeſes when his ſheepe are ſhorne,
Or many Maunds-full of his mellow fruite,
To make ſome way to win his waighty ſuite,
Whom cannot giftes at laſt cauſe to relent,
Or to win fauour, or flee puniſhment?
When griple Patrons turne their ſturdy ſteele
To waxe; when they the golden flame doe feele;
When grand *Macenas* caſts a glauering eye,
On the cold preſent of a Poeſie:

And

SAT. 1.

And least he might more frankly take then giue,
Gropes for a french crowne in his emptie sleeue:
Thence *Clodius* hopes to set his shoulders free,
From the light burden of his *Naperie*.
The smiling Land-Lord shows a sun-shine face,
Faining that he will grant him further grace;
And lear's like *Æsops* Foxe vpon the Crane,
Whose necke he craues for his *Chirurgian*;
So lingers of the lease vntill the last,
What recks he then of paynes or promise past?
Was euer fether, or fond womans mind,
More light then words; the blasts of idle wind?
What's sib or sire, to take the gentle slip;
And in th'Exchequer rot for surety-ship;
Or thence thy starued brother liue and die,
Within the cold *Cole-harbour* sanctuary?
Will one from *Scots-banke* bid but one grote more
My old Tenant may be turned out of dore,

Tho

SAT. 1.

Tho much he ſpent in th'rotten rooſes repayre,
In hope to haue it left vnto his heyre;
Tho many a lode of Marle and Manure led,
Reuiu'd his barren leas, that earſt lay dead.
Were he as *Furius*, he would defie,
Such pilfring ſlips of Pety land-lordrye.
And might diſlodge whole Collonyes of poore,
And lay their rooſe quite leuell with their floore,
Whiles yet he giues as to a yeelding fence,
Their bagge and baggage to his Citizens,
And ſhips them to the new-nam'd *Virgin-land*,
Or wilder wales, where neuer wight yet wound:
Would it not vexe thee where thy ſyres did keepe,
To ſee the dunged ſoldes of dag-tayld ſheepe,
And ruined houſe whereholy things were ſaid,
Whoſe free-ſtone wals the thatched rooſe vpbraid,
Whoſe ſhrill Saints bell hangs on his louerie,
While the reſt are damned to the *Plumbery*.

Yet

SAT. 1.

Yet pure deuotion lets the ſteeple ſtand,
And ydle battlements on eyther hand;
Leaſt that perhaps, were all thoſe reliques gone,
Furious his Sacriledge could not be knowne.

Heic

SAT. 2.

Heic quærite Troiam.

HOuſ-keping's dead, *Saturio*; wot'ſt thou where?
For-ſooth they ſay far hence in *Brek-neck* ſhire;
And euer ſince they ſay, that feele and taſt,
That men may break their neck, ſoone as their faſt;
Certes, if *Pity* died at *Chaucers* date,
He liu'd a widdower long behinde his mate:
Saue that I ſee ſome rotten bed-rid Syre,
Which to out-ſtrip the nonage of his heire,
Is cram'd with golden broaths, and druges of price,
And ech day dying liu's, and liuing dies;
Till once ſuruiu'd his ward-ſhips lateſt eue,
His eies are cloſ'd with choyſe to die or liue;

Plenty

SAT. 2.

Plenty, and hee, dy'd both in that ſame yeare,
VVhen the ſad skye did ſheed ſo many a teare;
And now, who liſt not of his labour fayle;
Marke, with *Saturio*, my friendly tale:
Along thy way, thou canſt not but deſcry,
Faire glittering Halls to tempt thy hopefull eye;
Thy right eye gines to leape for vaine delight,
And ſurbeate toes to tickle at the ſight,
As greedy *T.* when in the ſounding mold
Hee finds a ſhining pot-ſhard tip't with gold;
For neuer *Syren* tempts the pleaſed eares,
As theſe the eye of fainting paſſengers;
All is not ſo that ſeems; for ſurely than
Matrona ſhould not bee a *Curtizan*.
Smooth *Chryſalus* ſhould not bee rich with fraud,
Nor honeſt *R.* bee his owne wiues baude,
Looke not a ſquint, not ſtride a croſſe the way,
Like ſome demurring *Alcide* to delay.

But

SAT. 2.

But walke on cherely, till thou haue eſpide,
*S*ant *Peters* finger at the Church-yard ſide,
*B*ut wilt thou needs when thou art warn'd ſo well
Goe ſe who in ſo gariſh walls doth dwell?
There findeſt thou ſome ſtately *Doricke* frame
Or neate *Ionicke* worke;
Like the vaine bubble of *Iberian* pride,
That ouer-croweth all the world beſide.
VVhich rear'd to raiſe the crazy Monarches fame,
Strines for a Court and for a Colledge name;
Yet nought within, but louzy coul's doth hold,
Like a ſcab'd Cuckow in a cage of gold;
So pride aboue doth ſhade the ſhame belowe:
A golden Periwig on a *B*lack-mores brow.
When *Mæuios* firſt page of his poeſy,
Nayl'd to an hundreth poſtes for noueltie,
With his big title, and *Italian* mott
Layes ſiege vnto the backward buyers grote.

Which

SAT. 2.

Which all within is drafty ſluttiſh geere,
Fit for the Ouen or the Kitchin fire:
So this gay gate adds fuell to thy thought,
That ſuch proud piles were neuer rayſ'd for nought;
Beate the broad gates; a goodly hollow ſound,
With doubled Ecchoes doth againe rebound,
But not a Dog doth barke to welcome thee,
Nor churliſh Porter canſt thou chafing ſee,
All dumb and ſilent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of ſome ſleepy *Sybarite*,
The marble pauement hid with deſart weede,
With houſe-leeke, thiſtle, docke, and hemlock-ſeed,
But if thou chance caſt vp thy wondring eyes,
Thou ſhalt deſcerne vpon the Frontiſpice,
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ grauen vp on hye,
A fragment of olde *Platoes* Poeſie,
The meaning is: Sir foole, ye may be gone,
Go backe by leaue, for way here lieth none.

Looke

SAT. 2.

Looke to the towred chymneis which ſhould bee
The winde-pipes of good hoſpitalitie,
Through which it breatheth to the open ayre,
Betokening life and liberall welfare
Lo, there th'vnthankfull ſwallow takes her reſt,
And fils the Tonnell with her circled neſt,
Nor halfe that ſmoke from all his chymneies goes
As one Tobacco-pipe driues through his noſe;
So rawbone hunger ſcorns the mudded walls,
And gin's to reuell it in Lordly Halls;
So the blacke Prince is broken looſe againe
That ſaw no Sunne ſaue once (as ſtories ſaine)
That once was, when in *Trinacry* I weene
Hee ſtole the daughter of the harueſt Queene;
And grip't the mawes of barren *Sicily*,
With long conſtraint of pineſull penury;
And they that ſhould reſiſt his ſecond rage,
Haue pen'd themſelues vp in the priuate cage,

SAT. 2.

Of ſome blind lane; and their they lurke vnkowne,
Till th'hungry tempeſt once bee ouerblowne;
Then like the coward, after his neighbours fray,
They creepe forth boldly, and aske where are they?
Meane while the hunger-ſtaru'd Appurtenance
Muſt bide the brunt, what euer ill miſchance;
Grim *Famine* ſits in their forepined face
All full of Angles of vnequall ſpace
Like to the plaine of many-ſided ſquares,
That wont bee drawen out by Geometars;
So ſharpe and meager that who ſhould them ſee
Would ſweare they lately came from *Hungary*.
When their braſſe pans and winter couerled,
Haue wipt the maunger of the Horſes-bread;
Oh mee; what ods there ſeemeth twixt their chere,
And the ſwolne *Bezell* at an Alehouſe fyre,
That tonnes in gallons to his burſten panch,
Whoſe ſlimy droughts, his draught can neuer ſtanch;

For

SAT. 2.

For ſhame ye Gallants grow more hoſpitall
And turne your needleſſe wardrope to your Hall:
As lauiſh *Virro* that keepes open doores,
Like *Ianus* in the warres;
Except the twelue-daies, or the wakeday-feaſt
What time hee needs muſt bee his Coſens gueſt,
Philene hath bid him; can hee chooſe but come?
Who ſhould pull *Virroes* ſleeue to ſtay at home?
All yeare beſides, who meal-time can attend,
Come *Trebius* welcome to the tables end.
What tho hee chires on purer manchets crowne,
Whiles his kind client grindes on blacke and brown;
A iolly rounding of a whole foote broad,
From of the Mong-corne heape ſhall *Trebius* load;
What tho hee quaffe pure Amber in his bowle
Of March-brewd wheat: yet ſlecks thy thirſting ſoule
With paliſh oat, froathing in *Boſton*-clay
Or in a ſhallow cruce; nor muſt that ſtay,

SAT. 2.

Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd brain,
But call and craue; and haue thy cruſe againe;
Elſe how ſhould eeuen tale bee regiſtred
Of all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrels head?
And if he liſt reuiue his hartles graine
With ſome French grape, or pure *Canarian*
When pleaſing *Bourdeaux* fals vnto his lott,
Some ſowriſh *Rochell* cuts thy thirſting throte,
What tho himſelfe carueth his welcome friend,
With a cool'd pittance from his trenchers-end?
Muſt *Trebies* lip hang toward his trencher-ſide?
Nor kiſſe his fiſt to take what doth betide?
What tho to ſpare thy teeth he emploies thy tongue
In buſie queſtions all the dinner long?
What tho the ſcornfull wayter lookes askile,
And pouts and frowns, and curſeth thee the while,
And takes his farewell with a iealous eye,
At euery morſell hee his laſt ſhall ſee?

SAT. 2.

And if but one exceed the common ſiſe
Or make an hillocke in thy cheeke ariſe,
Or if perchance thou ſhouldeſt, ere thou wiſt
Hold thy knife vprights in thy griped fiſt,
Or ſitteſt double on thy back-ward ſeat,
Or with thine elbow ſhad'ſt thy ſhared meat;
Hee laughs thee in his fellowes eare to ſcorne,
And asks aloud where *Trebius* was borne?
Tho the third Sewer takes thee quite away
Without a ſtaffe: when thou would'ſt lenger ſtay
What of all this? Is't not inough to ſay
I din'd at *Virro* his owne boord to day?

SAT. 3.

ΚΟΙΝΑ ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THe *Satyre* should be like the *Porcupine*,
That shoots sharp quilles out in each angry line,
And wounds the blushing cheeke, and fiery eye,
Of him that heares, and readeth guiltily;
Ye Antique *Satyres*, how I blesse your daies,
That brook'd your bolder stile, their owne dispraise,
And wel-neare wish; yet ioy my wish is vaine,
I had beene then, or they were now againe:
For now our eares beene of more brittle mold,
Then those dull earthen eares that were of olde:
Sith theirs, like anuilles bore the hammers head,
Our glasse can neuer touch vnshiuered.

But

SAT. 3.

But from the aſhes of my quiet ſtile
Hence forth may riſe ſome raging rough *Lucile*,
That may with *Eſchylus* both finde and leeſe
The ſnaky treſſes of th'*Eumenides*:
Meane while, ſufficeth mee, the world may ſay
That I theſe vices loath'd another day,
Which I haue done with as deuout a cheere
As he that rounds Poules-pillers in the eare,
Or bends his ham downe in the naked Queare.
T'was euer ſaid, *Frontine*, and euer ſeene,
That golden Clearkes, but wooden Lawyers bene;
Could euer wiſe man wiſh in good eſtate
The vſe of all things indiſcriminate?
Who wots not yet how well this did beſeeme,
The learned maiſter of the *Academe*?
Plato is dead, and dead is his deuiſe
Which ſome thought witty, none thought euer wiſe;
Yet certes *Macha* is a *Platoniſt*,

SAT. 3.

To all, they ſay, ſaue who ſo do not liſt;
Becauſe her husband a farre-trafiq'd man,
Is a profeſt *Peripatecian*,
And ſo our Grandſires were in ages paſt,
That let their Lands lye all ſo widely waſt,
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent,
Within ſome prouince or whole ſhires extent;
As *Nature* made the earth, ſo did it lye,
Saue for the furrows of their husbandry;
When as the Neighbour-lands ſo couched layne,
That all bore ſhow of one fayre Champian:
Some head-leſſe croſſe they digged on their lea,
Or rol'd ſome marked Meare-ſtone in the way,
Poore ſimple men! For what mought that auayle,
That my field might not fill my neighbours payle?
More then a pilled ſticke can ſtand in ſtead,
To barre *Cynedo* from his neighbours bed,
More then the thred-bare Clients pouerty;
Debarres th'Atturney of his wonted fee? If

SAT. 3.

If they were thriftleſſe; Mote not, we amend?
And with more care our dangered fields defend:
Ech man can gard what thing he deemeth deere,
As fearefull Marchants doe their Female heyre,
Which were it not for promiſe of their welth,
Need not be ſtalled vp for feare of ſtelth;
Would rather ſticke vpon the Belmans cries
Tho proferd for a branded *Indians* price:
Then rayſe we muddy bul-warkes on our banks
Beſet around with treble quick-ſet rankes;
Or if thoſe walls be ouer weake a ward,
The ſquared Bricke may be a better gard:
Go to my thrifty Yeoman, and vpreare,
A brazen wall to ſhend thy land from feare,
Do ſo; and I ſhall praiſe thee all the while,
So be, thou ſtake not vp the common ſtile;
So be thou hedge in nought, but what's thine owne
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done,
So be thou let not lye in fallowed plaine. That

SAT. 3.

That which was wont yeelde Vſurie of graine,
But when I ſee thy pitched ſtakes do ſtand
On thy incroched peece of common land,
Whiles thou diſcommoneſt thy neighbours keyne,
And warn'ſt that none feed on thy field ſaue thine;
Brag no more *Scrobius*; of the mudded bankes,
Nor thy deepe ditches, nor three quickſet rankes:
Oh happy daies of olde *Deucalion*.
When one was Land-Lord of the world alone,
But now whoſe coler would not riſe to yeeld,
A peſant, halfe-ſtakes of his new-mowne field
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties:
Go on and thriue my pety Tyrants pride
Scorne thou to liue if others liue beſide,
And trace proud *Caſtile* that aſpires to be
In his old age a young fiſt Monarchie
Or the red Hat that tries the luckleſſe mayne,
For welthy *Thames* to change his lowly Rhene.

SAT. 4.

Possunt, quia posse videntur.

Villius the welthy farmer left his heire,
Twise twenty sterling pounds to spēd by yeare;
The neighbours prayse *Villios* hide-bound sonne;
And say it was a goodly portion;
Not knowing how some Marchants dowre can rise
By sundaies tale to fiftie *Centuries*;
Or to weigh downe a leaden *Bride* with Golde;
Worth all that *Matho* bought, or *Pontice* sold;
But whiles ten pound goes to his wiues new gowne,
Nor litle lesse can serue to sute his owne,
Whiles one peece payes her idle wayting man,
Or buyes an hoode, or siluer-handled Fanne.

Or

SAT. 4.

Or hires a *Friezeland* Trotter halfe yarde deepe,
To drag his Tumbrell through the ſtaring Cheape;
Or whiles he rideth with two liueries,
And's treble rated at the Subſidies
One end a kennell keeps of thriftleſſe hounds,
What thinke you reſt's of all my younkers pounds;
To diet him, or deale out at his doore,
To cofer vp, or ſtocke his waſting ſtore;
If then I reckon'd right, it ſhould appeare,
That fourtie pounds ſerue not the Farmers heyre.

Finis. Lib. 2.

VIRGIDEMIARVM
LIB. 6.

VINCIDENIARVM
LIB. C.

SAT. 1.

Semel inſaniuimus.

Labeo reſerues a long nayle for the nonce
To wound my Margẽt throughten leaues at once
Much worſe then *Ariſtarchus* his blacke Pile,
That pierc'd olde *Homers* ſide;
And makes ſuch faces that mee ſeemes I ſee
Some foule *Megæra* in the Tragedie,
Threatning her twined ſnakes at *Tantales* Ghoſt;
Or the grim viſage of ſome frowning poſt
The crab-tree Porter of the Guild-Hall gates
Whiles he his frightfull Beetle eleuates;
His angry eyne looke all ſo glaring bright,
Like th'hunted *Badger* in a mooneleſſe night:

Or

SAT. 1.

Or like a painted ſtaring *Saracin*;
His checks change hew like th'ayre-fed vermins skin
Now red, now pale, and ſwolne aboue his eyes
Like to the old *Coloſſian* ymageries,
But when he doth of my recanting heare,
Away ye angrie fires, and froſtes of feare;
Giue place vnto his hopefull tempered thought
That yeelds to peace, ere euer peace be ſought;
Then let mee now repent mee of my rage;
For writing *Satyres* in ſo righteous age;
Whereas I ſhould haue ſtrok't her towardly head,
And cry'd *Euae* in my *Satyres* ſtead,
Sith now not one of thouſand does amiſſe,
Was neuer age I weene ſo pure as this,
As pure as olde *Labulla* from the Baynes,
As pure as through-fare Channels when it raynes,
As pure as is a Black-mores face by night,
As dung clad skin of dying *Heraclite*.

Seeke

SAT. 1.

Seeke ouer all the world, and tell mee where,
Thou find'ſt a proud man, or a flatterer:
A theefe, a drunkard or a parricide,
A lechour, lyer, or what vice beſide,
Marchants are no whit couetous of late,
Nor make no mart of Time, gaine of Deceit,
Patrons, are honeſt now, ore they of olde,
Can now no benefice be bought nor ſold,
Giue him a gelding, or ſome two-yeares tithe,
For he all bribes and *Simony* defi'the.
Is not one Pick-thanke ſtirring in the Court,
That ſeld was freet ill now by all report,
But ſome one, like a claw-backe paraſite,
Pick't mothes from his maſters cloake in ſight,
Whiles he could picke out both his eyes for need;
Nor now no more ſmell-feaſt *Vitellio*,
Smiles on his maſter for a meale or two;
And loues him in his maw, loaths in his heart,

SAT. 1.

Yet ſoothes, and yeas, and Nayes on eyther part,
Tattelius the new-come traueller,
With his diſguiſed cote, and ringed eare,
Trampling the Burſes Marble twiſe a day,
Tells nothing but ſtarke truths I dare well ſay,
Nor would he haue them knowne for any thing,
Tho all the vault of his loud murmur ring;
Not one man tells a lye of all the yeare
Except the *Almanacke* or the *Chronicler*,
But not a man of all the damned-crue
For hils of gold would ſweare the thing vntrue,
Panſophus now though all in a cold ſwatt
Dares venture through the feared Caſtle-gate,
Albee the faithfull Oracles haue forſayne,
The wiſeſt *Sanator* ſhall there be ſlaine,
That made him long keepe home as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of ſome wiſer wight.
The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suters hill,

Or

SAT. 1.

Or weſterne playne are free from feared ill,
Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed;
But he that hath ought; hy him; and God ſpeed;
Nor drunken *Dennis* doth by breake of day
Stumble into blinde Tauernes by the way,
And reele mee homeward at the Euening ſtarre,
Or ride more eaſely in his neighbours chayre.
Well might theſe checks haue fitted former times
And ſhouldred angry *Skeltons* breath-leſſe rimes;
Ere *Chryſalus* had bar'd the common boxe,
Which earſt he pick't to ſtore his priuate ſtocks;
But now hath all with vantage paid againe;
And locks and plates what doth behind remaine;
When earſt our dry-ſoul'd Syres ſo lauiſh were,
To charge whole boots-full to their friends wel-fare;
Now ſhalt thou neuer ſee the ſalt beſet
With a big-bellyed Gallon Flagonet.

SAT. 1.

Of an ebbe *Cruce* muſt thirſty *Silen* ſip,
That's all foreſtalled by his vpper lip;
Somewhat it was that made his paunch ſo peare,
His girdle fell ten ynches in a yeare.
Or when old gouty beld-rid *Euclio*
To his officious factor fayre could ſhow,
His name in margent of ſome olde caſt bill
And ſay; Lo whom I named in my will
Whiles hee beleeues and looking for the ſhare,
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with buſy care;
For but a while; For now he ſure will die,
By this ſtrange qualme of liberalitie,
Great thanks he giues: but God him ſheild & ſaue
From euer gayning by his maſters graue,
Onely liue long and he is well repayd,
And weats his forced cheeks whiles thus he ſaid,
Some ſtrong-ſmeld Onion ſhall ſtirre his eyes
Rather then no ſalt teares ſhall then ariſe,

So

SAT. 1.

So lookes he like a Marble toward rayne,
And wrings, & ſmites, & weeps, & wipes againe,
Then turnes his backe and ſmiles & lookes askance,
Seaſoning againe his ſowred countenance,
Whiles yet he wearies heauen with daily cryes,
And backward Death with deuout ſacrifice
That they would now his tedious ghoſt bereauen,
And wiſheth well that wiſh't no worſe then heauen
When *Zoylus* was ſicke, he knew not where
Saue his wrought night-cap, and laune Pillow-bere.
Kind fooles; they made him ſick that made him fine,
Take thoſe away, and ther's his medicine:
Or *Gellia* wore a veluet Maſtick-patch
Vpon her temples when no tooth did ache,
When *Beauty* was her Reume I ſoone eſpide,
Nor could her plaiſter cure her of her pride,
Theſe vices were, but now they ceaſ'd of long,
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong,

SAT. 1.

I would repent mee were it not too late
Were not the Angry world preiudicate,
If all the seuens penitentiall
Or thousand white wands might me ought auaile,
If *Trent* or *Thames* could scoure my foule offence
And set mee in my former innocence
I would at last repent me of my rage,
Now; beare my wrong, I thine, O righteous age,
As for fine wits an hundreth thousand fold
Passeth our age what euer times of olde
For in that *Puis-ne* world; our Syres of long
Could hardly wagge their too-vnweldy tongue
As pined Crowes and Parrats can doe now,
When hoary age did bend their wrinckled brow:
And now of late did many a learned man
Serue thirty yeares Prenti-ship with *Priscian*,
But now can euery Nouice speake with ease,
The far-fetch'd language of *Th-Antipodes*

Would'st

SAT. 1.

Would'ſt thou the tongues that earſt were (hight learned
Tho our wiſe age hath wipt them of their right;
Would'ſt thou the Courtly Three in moſt requeſt
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the weſt?
Bibinus ſelfe can haue ten tongues in one
Tho in all Ten, not one good tongue alone.
And can deepe skill ly ſmothering within
Whiles neither ſmoke nor flame diſcerned bin,
Shall it not be a wild-figg in a wall
Or fired Brimſtone in a Minerall?
Doe thou diſdaine O ouer-learned age
The tongue-ty'de ſilence of that *Samian* ſage;
Forth ye fine wits, and ruſh into the preſſe
And for the cloyed world your workes addreſſe,
Is not a Gnat, nor Fly, nor ſeely Ant
But a fine wit can make an Elephant;
Should *Bandels* Throſtle die without a ſong?
Or *Adamantius* my Dog be laid along,

SAT. 1.

Downe in ſome ditch without his Exequies,
Or Epitaphs, or mournefull Elegies?
Folly it ſelfe, and baldnes may be praiſed,
And ſweet conceyts from filthy obiects rayſed;
VVhat do not fine witts dare to vndertake?
What dare fine wits doe for honors ſake?
But why doth *Balbus* his deade-doing quill
Perch in his ruſty ſcabbard all the while,
His golden Fleece ore-growne with moldy hore
As tho he had his witty works forſwore,
*B*elike of late now *Balbus* hath no need,
Nor now belike his ſhrinking ſhoulders dread
The Catch-poles fiſt. The Preſſe may ſtill remaine
And breath, till *Balbus* be in debt againe,
*S*oone may that bee; ſo I had ſilent beene,
And not thus rak't vp quiet crimes vnſeene.
*S*ilence is ſafe, when ſaying ſtirreth ſore
And makes the ſtirred Puddle ſtinke the more.

*S*hall

SAT. 1.

Shall the controller of proud *Nemesis*
In lawlesse rage vpbrayd ech others vice,
While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong
And crub the rauge of his mis-ruly tongue?
By the two crownes of *Pernasse* euer-greene,
And by the clouen head of *Hippocrene*
As I true Poet am; I here auow
(So solemnly kist he his Lawrell bow)
If that bold *Satyre* vnreuenged be
For this so saucy and foule iniurie:
So *Labeo* weens it my eternall shame
To proue I neuer earnd a Poets name;
But would I be a Poet if I might,
To rub my brow three daies, and wake three nights,
And bite my nayles, and scrat my dullard head
And curse the backward Muses on my bed
About one peeuish syllable: Which out-sought
I take vp *Thales* ioy, saue for fore-thought

Howe

SAT. 1.

How it ſhall pleaſe ech Ale-knights cenſuring eye,
And hang'd my head for feare they deeme awry;
Whiles thred-bare Martiall turnes his merry note
To beg of *Rufus* a caſt winter cote;
Whiles hungry *Marot* leapeth at a Beane
And dyeth like a ſtaru'd *Cappuciem*,
Go *Arioſt*, and gape for what may fall
From Trencher of a flattring Cardinall,
And if thou getteſt but a Pedants fee
Thy bed, thy board, and courſer liuerye,
O honor farre beyond a Brazen ſhrine
To ſit with *Tarleton* on an Ale-poſts ſigne:
Who had but liued in *Auguſtus* daies
Thad beene ſome honor to be crown'd with Bayes,
VVhen *Lucan* ſtreaked on his Marble-bed
To thinke of *Caſar*, and great *Pompeys* deed;
Or when *Archelaus* ſhau'd his mourning head
Soone as he heard *Steſichorus* was dead.
At leaſt would ſome good body of the reſt, Set

SAT. 1.

Set a Gold-pen on their bay-wreathed Creſt.
Or would their face in ſtamped coyne expreſſe,
As did the *Myrelens* their Poeteſſe.
Now as it is, beſhrew him if he might,
That would his browes with *Cæſars* Laurell dight.
Tho what ayl'd mee, I might not well as they
Rake vp ſome for-worne tales that ſmothered lay
In chimny corners ſmok'd with winter-fires
To read and rocke aſleepe our drouzy ſires,
No man his threſhold better knowes, then I
Brutes firſt arriuall, and firſt victory,
Saint *Georges* Sorrell, or his croſſe of blood,
Arthurs round Bord, or *Caledonian* wood,
Or holy battels of bold *Charlemaine*,
What were his knighes did *Saleins* ſiege maintaine;
How the mad Riuall of fayre *Angelice*.
VVas Phiſick't from the new-found Paradice;
High-ſtories they; which with their ſwelling ſtraine
Haue riuen *Frontoes* braod Rehearſall-Plane, *But*

SAT. 1.

But ſo to fill vp bookes both backe and ſide
What needs it? Are there not enow beſide.
O age well thriuen and well fortunate,
When ech man hath a Muſe appropriate,
And ſhee like to ſome ſeruile eare-boar'd ſlaue
Muſt play and ſing when, and what he would haue,
Would that were all: ſmall fault in number lies,
Were not the feare from whence it ſhould ariſe,
But can it be ought but a ſpurious ſeede,
That grows ſo riſe in ſuch vnlikely ſpeed.
Sith *Pontian* left his barren wife at home,
And ſpent two yeares at *Venice* and at *Rome*,
Returned, heares his bleſſing askt of three
Cries out, O *Iulian* law, Adulterie.
Tho *Labeo* reaches right: (who can deny,)
The true ſtraynes of *Heroicke* Poeſie,
For he can tell how fury reft his ſenſe
And *Phœbus* fild him with intelligence,

He

SAT. 1.

He can implore the heathen Deities,
To guide his bold and busy enterprise;
Or filch whole Pages at a clap for need
From honest *Petrarch*, clad in English weed;
While big *But Ohs* ech stranzae can begin,
Whose trunke and tayle slut tish and hartlesse bin;
He knows the grace of that new elegance,
Which sweet *Philisides* fetch't of late from *France*,
That well beseem'd his high-stil'd *Arcady*,
Tho others marre it with much liberty;
In Epithets to ioyne two words in one,
Forsooth for Adiectiues cannot stand alone,
As a great Poet could of *Bacchus* say,
That he was *Semele-femori-gena*.
Lastly he names the spirit of *Astrophell*,
Now hath not *Labeo* done wondrous well?
But ere his Muse her weapon learne to weild.

Or

SAT. 1.

Or dance a ſober *Pirrhicke* in the field,
Or marching wade in blood vp to the knees,
Her *Arma Virûm* goes by two degrees,
The ſhepe-cote firſt hath bene her nurſery
Where ſhe hath worne her ydle infancy,
And in hy ſtartups walk't the paſtur'd plaines
To tend her tasked heard that there remaines
And winded ſtill a pipe of Ote or *Briere*
Striuing for wages who the praiſe ſhall beare;
As did whilere the homely *Carmelite*
Following *Virgil* and he *Theocrite*;
Or elſe hath bene in *Venus* Chamber traind
To play with *Cupid*, till ſhee had attain'd
To comment well vpon a beauteous face,
Then was ſhe fitt for an Heroicke place;
As wittie *Pontan* in great earneſt ſaed
His Miſtres breaſts were like two weights of lead,

Another

SAT. 1.

Another thinks her teeth might likened bee
To two faye rankes of pales of yuorie,
To fence in ſure the wild beaſt of her tongue,
From eyther going farre, or going wrong;
Her grinders like two Chalk-ſtones in a mill,
which ſhall with time and wearing wax as ill
As olde *Catillaes* which wont euery night,
Lay vp her hollow pegs till next day light.
And with them grinds ſoft-ſimpring all the day,
When leaſt her laughter ſhould her gums bewray
Her hands muſt hide her mouth if ſhe but ſmile;
Fayne would ſhe ſeeme all frixe and frolicke ſtill;
Her forehead fayre is like a brazen hill
Whoſe wrinckled furrows which her age doth breed
Are dawbed full of *Venice* chalke for need,
Her eyes like ſiluer ſaucers fayre beſet,
With ſhining Amber and with ſhady-Iet

Her

SAT. 1.

Her lids like *Cupids*-bowcase where he hides
The weapons which doth wound the wanton-eyde,
Her chin like *Pindus* or *Pernassus* hill
Where down descends th'oreflowing stream doth fil
The well of her fayre mouth. Ech hath his praise,
Who would not but wed Poets now a daies.

FINIS.

POMH PTMH.

SAT 2.

VVHo say's these Romish Pageants benè tou hy
To be the *Scorne* of sportfull Poesy?
Certes not all the worlde such matter wist
As are the seüen hils, for a *Satiryst*.
Perdy, I loath an hundreth *Mathoes* tongues.
An hundreth Gamsters shiftes, or Landlords wrongs;
Or *Labeos* Poems, or base *Lolios* pride.
Or euer what I thought or wrote beside.
When once I thinke if carping *Aquines* spright
To see now *Rome*, were licenc'd to the light;
How his enraged ghost would stampe and stare
That *Cesars* throne is turn'd to *Peters* chayre.

SAT. 2

To see an olde ſhorne *Lozell* perched hy
Croſſing beneath a golden *Canopy*, (low
The whiles a thouſand haireleſſe crownes crouch
To kiſſe the precious caſe of his proude *Toe*,
And for the Lordly Faſces borne of olde,
To ſee two quiet Croſſed keyes of golde,
Or *Cybiles* ſhrine, the famous *Pantheons* frame
Turn'd to the honour of our Ladies name,
But that he moſt would gaze and wonder at,
Is th' horned Miter, and the bloudy Hat. (ſtore,
The crooked ſtaffe, their Coules ſtrange forme and
Saue that he ſaw the ſame in hell before,
To ſee their broken Nuns with new-ſhorne heads,
In a blinde Cloyſter toſſe their idle *Beades*,
Or Louzy Coules come ſmoking from the ſtewes:
To raiſe the Leud *Rent* to their Lord accrewes,
(Who with ranke *Venice* doth his pompe aduance
By trading of ten thouſand *Curtizans*)

Yet

SAT. 2

Yet backward muſt abſolue a females ſin,
Like to a falſe diſſembling *Theatine*,
*W*ho when his ſkinne is red with ſhirts of Male
And rugged haire cloth ſcoures his greazy nayle,
Or wedding garment tames his ſtubburne back,
*W*hich his hempe girdle dyes all blew and blacke.
Or of his Almes-*B*oule three dayes ſup'd & din'd,
Trudges to open ſtewes of either kinde:
Or takes ſome Cardinals ſtab'e in the way,
*A*nd with ſome pampered Mule doth weare the day
Kept for his Lords owne ſadle when him liſt;
Come *Valentine*, and play the Satryiſt.
*T*o ſee poore ſucklings welcom'd to the light
*W*ith ſearing yrons of ſome ſowre *Iacobite*,
Or golden offers of an aged foole
*T*o make his Coffin ſome *Franciſcans* coule.
*T*o ſee the Popes blacke knight, a cloked *Frere*
Sweating in the channell like a *Scauengere*.

SAT. 2

Whom earſt thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
When at the Corner-croſſe thou did'ſt him meet,
Tumbling his *Roſaries* hanging at his belt
Or his *Barretta*, or his towred felte,
To ſee a laſie dumb *Acholithite*,
Armed againſt a deuout Flyes deſpight,
Which at th' hy Alter doth the *Chalice* vaile
With a broad Flieflappe of a *Peacockes* tayle,
The whiles the likerous Prieſt ſpits euery tryce
With longing for his morning *Sacrifice*.
Which he reres vp quite perpendiculare,
That the mid-church doth ſpite the *Chancels* fare,
Beating their emptie mawes that would be fed,
With the ſcant morſels of the *Sacrists* bread.
Would he not laugh to death, when he ſhould heare
The ſhameleſſe Legends of *S. Chriſtopher*,
S. George, the Sleepers, or *S. Peters* well
Or of his daughter good *S. Petronell*,

But

SAT. 2

But had he heard the Female Fathers grone,
Yeaning in mids of her proceſſion,
Or now ſhould ſee the needleſſe tryall-chayre,
(When ech is proued by his baſtard heyre)
Or ſaw the Churches, & new Calendere
Peſtred with mungrell Saints, and reliques dere,
Should hee cry out on *Codro's* tedious Tomes,
Whē his new rage would aſke no narrower roomes?

FINIS.

IT is not for euery one to reliſh a true and natural Satyre, being of it ſelfe beſides the natiue and in bred bitternes and tartnes of the perticulers, both hard of concept, and harſh of ſtile, and therefore cannot but be vnpleaſing both to the vnſkilfull, and ouer Muſicall eare, the one being affected with onely a ſhallow and eaſie matter, the other with a ſmoth and currant diſpoſition; ſo that I well foreſee in the timely publication of theſe my concealed Satyres, I am ſet vpon the racke of many mercileſſe & peremptory cenſures; which ſith the calmeſt, and moſt plauſible writer is almoſt fatally ſubiect vnto, in the curioſitie of theſe nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted vpon the occaſion of ſo buſy & ſtirring a ſubiect. One thinkes it miſ-beſeeming the Author, becauſe a Poem; another vnlawfull in it ſelfe becauſe a Satyre; a third harmefull to others for the ſharpneſſe, a fourth vn Satyrelike for the mildneſſe: The learned too perſpicuous, being named with Iuuenall, Perſius, and the other ancient Satyres; The vnlearned, ſauoureleſſe, becauſe too obſcure, and obſcure becauſe not vnder their reach. VVhat a monſter muſt he be that woulde pleaſe all?

Certainely looke what wether it would be if euery Almanacke ſhould be verified, much what like Poems, if euery fancie ſhould be ſuted. It is not for this kinde to deſire or hope to pleaſe, which naturally ſhould onely finde pleaſure in diſpleaſing; notwithſtanding if the fault finding with the vices of the time, may honeſtly accord with the good will of the parties I had as leaue, eaſe my ſelfe with a ſlender Apologie, as wilfully beare the brunt of cauſeleſſe anger in my ſilence. For Poetry it ſelfe, after the ſo effectuall and abſolute indeauours of her honored Patrons, either ſhee needeth no new defence, or elſe might well ſcorne the offer

of

of ſo impotent and poore a client: Onely for my owne part; tho were ſhee a more vnworthie Miſtreſſe, I thinke ſhe might be inoffenſiuely ſerued with the broken Meſſes of our twelue-a-clocke houres, which homely ſeruice ſhe onely claimed and found of mee, for that ſhort while of my attendance, yet hauing thus ſoone taken my ſolemne Farewell of her, and ſhaked handes with all her retinue. why ſhould it be an eye ſore vnto any, ſith it can be no loſſe to my ſelfe:

For my Satyres themſelues, I ſee two obuious cauils to be anſwered. One concerning the matter; then which, I confeſſe none can be more open to daunger, to enuie, Sith falts loath nothing more then the light, and men loue nothinge more then their faults, and therefore what through the nature of the faults, and faulte of the perſons, it is impoſſible ſo violent an appeachment ſhould be quietly brooked: But why ſhould vices be vnblamed for feare of blame? and if thou maiſt ſpit vpon a Toade vnuenomed, why maiſt thou not ſpeake of a vice without daunger. Eſpecially ſo warilye as I haue indeauoured, who in the vnpartiall mention of ſo many vices, may ſafely profeſſe to be altogether guiltleſſe in my ſelfe to the intention of any guiltie perſon who might be blemiſhed by the likelyhoode of my conceiued application, thereupon chooſing rather to marre mine owne verſe then anothers name: which notwithſtanding if the iniurious reader ſhall wreſt to his owne ſpight, and diſparaging of others, it is a ſhort anſwere. Art thou guiltye? complaine not thou art notwronged, art thou guiltleſſe? complaine not thou art not touched. The other concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much ſtouping to the low reach of the vulgar, I ſhalbe thought not to haue any whit kindly raught my ancient *Roman* predeceſſors, whome in the want of more late and familiar preſidents I am conſtrained thus farre of to

imitate: which thing I can be ſo willing to graunt that I am further readie to warrant my action therein to any indifferent cenſure. Firſt therefore I dare boldly auouch that the Engliſh is not altogether ſo naturall to a Satyre as the Latin, which I doe not impute to the nature of the language it ſelfe, being ſo farre from diſabling it any way, that me thinks I durſt equall it to the proudeſt in euery reſpect, but to that which is cõmon to it withall other cõmon languages Italian, Frenche Germaine, &c. in their Poeſyes, the fettering together the ſeries of the verſes, with the bones of like cadence or deſinence of ryme, which if it be vſually abrupt, and not dependent in ſence vpon ſo neere affinitie of words. I know not what a loathſome kinde of harſhnes & diſcordance it breadeth to any iudiciall eare: which if any more cõfident aduerſary ſhall gainſay, I wiſh no better trial then the tralatiõ of one of *Perſius* his Satyrs into Engliſh, the difficultie & diſonáce wherof, ſhal make good my aſſertion, beſides the plaine experience thereof in the Satyres of Arioſto, (ſaue which) and one baſe french Satyre, I could neuer attaine the view of any for my direction, (& that alſo might for neede ſerue for an excuſe at leaſt,) whoſe chaine-verſe to which he fettereth himſelfe, as it may well afford a pleaſing harmony to the eare, ſo can it yelde nothing but a flaſhy and looſe conceyt to the iudgement. Whereas the *Roman* numbers tying but one foote to another, offereth a greater freedom of varietie, with much more delight to the reader. Let my ſecond ground be, the well-knowne daintines of the time, ſuch, that men rather chooſe careleſly to leaſe the ſwete of the kernell, then to vrge their teeth with breaking of the ſhell wherein it is wrapped, and therefore ſith that which is vnſeene is almoſt vn-

done, and that is almoſt vnſeene which is vnconceiued, either I would ſay nothing to be vntalkt of, or ſpeake with my mouth open that I may be vnderſtoode. Thirdly the end of this paines was a Satyre, but the end of my Satyre a further good, which whether I attaine or no I know not, but let me be plaine with hope of profite, rather then purpoſely obſcure only for a bare names ſake.

Notwithſtanding in the expectation of this quarell, I thinke my firſt Satyre doth ſomewhat reſemble the ſoure & crabbed face of Iuuenals, which I indeauouring in that did determinately omit in the reſt, for theſe forenamed cauſes, that ſo I might haue ſomewhat to ſtope the mouth of euery accuſer. The reſt, to ech mans cenſure: which let be as fauourable, as ſo thankleſſe a worke can deſerue, or deſire.

FINIS.

After this impreſſion was finiſhed, vpon the Authors knowledge, I had the viewe of a more perfect Copy, wherein were theſe additions and corrections, which I thought good to place here, deſiring the reader to refer them to their places.

Additions

Betwene the 10. *and* 11. *line of the* 16. *page.*

While yet he rouſteth at ſome vncouth ſigne,
Nor neuer red his Tenures ſecond line.

Ρωμη Ρωμη

SAT. 7. lib 4.

Who ſaies theſe Romiſh Pageants,
To be the &c.

And ſo to the ende

Corrections.

Twilight-torch, for twilight Torch pag. 9. lin. 2. The ſunne & ayre, for to ſunne & ayre. p. 14. l. 1. ſayle, for ſale. p. 19. l. 2. Merchant, for Chapman. p. 21. l. 5. Heritate, for Heritage. p. 23 l. 9. AEſopus, for Aſopus. p. 26. l. 12. ought as that, for ought at that. p. 30. l. 16. This for their. p. 30. l. 7. Syned's for Cyned's. p. 40 l. 1. gloking for gloZing. p. 42. l. 9. wayne, for wane. p. 54 l. 18. braue Lordſhip, for ſtraue Lordſhip p. 55. l. 8. the for thy. p. 74 l. 6. Senator for Sanator. p. 82 l. 15. ſmites for ſnites. p. 85. l. 2. perch, for parch. p. 88. l. 8. crub, for curb. p. 89. l. 14. Rauge, for raunge. ibid.

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